

THE ACADEMY.

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 1959.—NEW SERIES.

SATURDAY, MAY 21, 1898.

PRICE 3d.
[Registered as a Newspaper.]

CATALOGUES.

SOTHERAN'S PRICE CURRENT of LITERATURE.

No. 875, just published for MAY, consists of a LARGE COLLECTION of WORKS in ENGLISH LITERATURE and BELLES LETTRES.

Post free from H. SOTHERAN & Co., Booksellers, 140, Strand, W.C., and 37, Piccadilly, W.

BARDEKER'S & BADDELEY'S TOURISTS' GUIDE BOOKS.

New fully detailed CATALOGUE sent post free on application. DULAU & CO., 37, SOHO SQUARE, LONDON, W.

3D. in the 1s. Discount off most New Books.

CATALOGUES post free on application.

Orders despatched by return of post.

HENRY J. GLAISHER, Discount and Remainder Bookseller, 27, Wigmore Street, London, W.

WILLIAMS & NORGATE. IMPORTERS OF FOREIGN BOOKS.

Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, 20, South Frederick Street, Edinburgh, and 7, Broad Street, Oxford.

CATALOGUES post free on application.

AGENCY FOR AMERICAN BOOKS.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, PUBLISHERS and BOOKSELLERS, of 27 and 29 West 23rd Street, New York, and 24, BEDFORD STREET, LONDON, W.C., desire to call the attention of the READING PUBLIC to the excellent facilities presented by their Branch House in London for filling, on the most favourable terms, orders for their own STANDARD PUBLICATIONS and for ALL AMERICAN BOOKS and PERIODICALS—CATALOGUES sent on application.

IMPORTANT.—PRINTING AND PUBLISHING.

NEWSPAPERS, MAGAZINES, BOOKS, &c.—KING, SELL & RAILTON, Limited, high-class Printers and Publishers, 12, Gough Square, 4, Bolt Court, Fleet Street, E.C., have specially-built Rotary and other fast Machines for printing illustrated or other Publications and specially-built Machines for fast folding and covering 8, 16, 24, or 32-page Journals at one operation.

Advice and assistance given to anyone wishing to commence New Journals.

Facilities upon the premises for Editorial Offices, free. Advertising and Publishing Departments conducted.

Telephone 68121. Telegraph "Africaism, London."

TYPE-WRITING promptly and accurately done, 10d. per 1,000 words. Samples and references.—Address, Miss E. M., 18, Mortimer Crescent, N.W.

BOOKS WANTED TO PURCHASE.

(Advertisements in this column are inserted at 4d. per line, prepaid.)

WANTED.—Copies of "THE ACADEMY" for 11th JANUARY, 1898. Full price (3d. per copy) paid.—Apply ACADEMY OFFICE, 43, CHANCERY LANE, LONDON.

BOOKS FOR SALE.

Advertisements are inserted under this heading at 4d. per line, prepaid.

£75 CASH OFFERED for the following:—Tennyson's *Lover's Tale* (1835)—Enid and Nimus (1837)—*True and the False* (1838)—*The Falcon*: a Play (at St. James's Theatre) (1879). Will friends of late Lord Tennyson and Mr. Moxon kindly search their archives?—Apply, "AURORA," care of Messrs Jaggard's Bookshop, Liverpool.

Price 3s. 6d. net, postage free.

IN THE WAKE OF SPRING.

A New Book of Love Songs and Lyrics by

RICHARD C. JACKSON.

(The Sweetest book of its kind since the days of Ovid.)

Beautifully printed and bound.

London: THE BOWEN PRESS, Camberwell, S.E.

Agents: SIMPKIN & MARSHALL.

AS ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN, LITERARY ASSISTANT, or in any similar capacity.—GRADUATE (23) DESIRES EMPLOYMENT. Wide reading in English and French literature and elementary German; experience in library management.—Write "READER," care of Willings, 102, Piccadilly.

TO WEALTHY PATRONS of ART and BELLES LETTRES.—A Gentleman engaged in producing a GREAT WORK, indispensable to Students of English Literature throughout the civilised world, requires FINANCING to a very moderate extent. The Work has met, so far as it has at present gone, with the highest approval of eminent experts. Guaranteed sale of small edition.—Apply by letter (Principals or Solicitors only) to X., care of Messrs. Steadman & Van Praagh, Solicitors, 23, Old Broad Street, London, E.C.

CARRIAGES INSURED AGAINST ACCIDENTS caused by Collision, the Falling, Bolting or Kicking of Horses, or by being Run into by other Vehicles. Policies issued for the Year or Season only. Prospectuses post free.—IMPERIAL ACCIDENT, LIFE STOCK AND GENERAL INSURANCE CO., LD., 17, Pall Mall East, London, S.W. Agents wanted.

CIVIL SERVICE COMMISSION.—FORTH-COMING EXAMINATION.—JUNIOR ASSISTANT in the ART BRANCH of the SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM (18-20), 1st JUNE. The date specified is the latest at which Applications can be received. They must be made on forms to be obtained, with particulars, from the SECRETARY, Civil Service Commission, London, S.W.

WANTED.—English GIRL, to join three others, in FRANCE, in charge of an unexceptional English Chapron. Highest references given and required. Terms for Pension and French Instruction, 30 Guineas a quarter.—CHAPELTON, Offices of THE ACADEMY, 43, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.

JOURNALISTIC PUPIL.—Would be thoroughly taught the commercial, printing, and editorial work of a newspaper and general printing office. With his intelligent co-operation would be made qualified to take charge of a similar business. No premium. Small progressive salary. Must write shorthand. May reside with Manager.—Address M. M., care of Messrs. Passmore & Cooke, Avon Lodge, West Kensington, W.

LITERARY RESEARCH.—A Gentleman, experienced in Literary Work, and who has access to the British Museum Reading Room, is open to arrange with Author or any person requiring assistance in Literary Research, or in seeing Work through the Press. Translations undertaken from French, Italian, or Spanish.—Apply, by letter, to D. C. DALLAS, 2, Farnival Street, London E.C.

THE AUTOTYPE COMPANY,

74, NEW OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.,

PRODUCERS and PUBLISHERS of PERMANENT PHOTOGRAPHIC REPRODUCTIONS of FAMOUS WORKS of ART.

A SELECTION FROM THE COMPANY'S COLLECTION OF FAMOUS LANDSCAPES BY MASTERS OF THE BRITISH SCHOOL.

The following Autotypes are issued of the uniform scale of about 18 inches longest line, and are produced in rich Sepia Permanent Pigment. Price 12s. each, unframed; or, framed in oak or walnut mouldings of special design, from 27s. to 35s. each complete.

J. CONSTABLE.

The Cornfield.
The Valley Farm.
The Glebe Farm.
The Bridge at Gillingham.

D. COX.

The Vale of Clwyd.

J. CROME.

Mousehold Heath.
The Windmill.
The Portingland Oak.

T. GAINSBOROUGH.

The Watering Place.
View of De'ham.

J. GLOVER.

Landscape with Cattle.

J. LINNELL.

The Windmill.
The Coming Storm.
Downward Rays.

A. NASMYTH.

Stirling Castle.

J. M. W. TURNER.

A Frosty Morning.
Crossing the Brook.
Chichester Canal.

G. B. WILLCOCK.

A Country Lane (Chilston, Torquay).
A Devonshire Mill.

THE AUTOTYPE FINE ART CATALOGUE.

Now ready, New Edition of 160 pages.

With upwards of One Hundred Miniature Photographs of Notable Autotypes, and Twenty-three Tint Block Illustrations.

For convenience of reference, the Publications are arranged alphabetically under Artists' names.

Post free, ONE SHILLING.

THE AUTOTYPE FINE ART GALLERY,

74, NEW OXFORD STREET LONDON, W.

CARNARVONSHIRE COUNTY SCHOOLS.

WANTED, a HEAD MASTER or HEAD MISTRESS for the PENYGOES COUNTY SCHOOL. Must have taken a Degree in the United Kingdom or British Possessions, or have other equal qualifications. Salary £120, and Capitation Fees. Particulars will be sent on application to J. H. BODVEL-ROBERTS, Clerk to the County Governing Body.

Carnarvon, May, 1898.

CARNARVONSHIRE COUNTY SCHOOLS.

WANTED, a HEAD MASTER* for the BOTTWOG COUNTY SCHOOL. Must have taken a Degree in the United Kingdom or British Possessions, or have other equal qualifications. Salary £120, and Capitation Fees. Particulars will be sent on application to J. H. BODVEL-ROBERTS, Clerk to the County Governing Body.

Carnarvon, May, 1898.

(* This term includes, per Scheme, Head Mistress.)

MUDIE'S SELECT LIBRARY.

For the CIRCULATION and SALE of all the BEST

ENGLISH, FRENCH, GERMAN, ITALIAN, RUSSIAN, AND SPANISH BOOKS.

TOWN SUBSCRIPTIONS from ONE GUINEA per annum.

LONDON BOOK SOCIETY (for weekly exchange of Books at the houses of Subscribers) from TWO GUINEAS per annum.

COUNTRY SUBSCRIPTIONS from TWO GUINEAS per annum.

N.B.—Two or Three Friends may unite in ONE SUBSCRIPTION, and thus lessen the Cost of Carriage.

Town and Village Clubs supplied on Liberal Terms.

Prospectuses and Monthly Lists of Books gratis and post free.

SURPLUS LIBRARY BOOKS

NOW OFFERED AT

Greatly Reduced Prices.

A NEW CLEARANCE LIST (100 pp.)

Sent Gratis and post free to any address.

The List contains: POPULAR WORKS in TRAVEL, SPORT, HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, SCIENCE, and FICTION. Also NEW and SURPLUS Copies of FRENCH, GERMAN, ITALIAN, and SPANISH BOOKS.

MUDIE'S SELECT LIBRARY, Limited.

30-34, NEW OXFORD STREET; 241, BROMPTON ROAD, S.W.; 48, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C., LONDON; and at BANTON ARCADE, MANCHESTER.

ESTABLISHED 1851.

BIRKBECK BANK,

Southampton Buildings, Chancery Lane, London.

TWO-AND-A-HALF per CENT. INTEREST allowed on DEPOSITS repayable on demand.

TWO per CENT. on CURRENT ACCOUNTS, on the minimum monthly balances, when not drawn below £100.

STOCKS, SHARES, and ANNUITIES purchased and sold.

SAVINGS DEPARTMENT.

For the encouragement of Thrift the Bank receives small sums on deposit and allows interest monthly on each completed £1.

BIRKBECK BUILDING SOCIETY.

HOW TO PURCHASE A HOUSE

FOR TWO GUINEAS PER MONTH.

BIRKBECK FREEHOLD LAND SOCIETY.

HOW TO PURCHASE A PLOT OF LAND

FOR FIVE SHILLINGS PER MONTH.

The BIRKBECK ALMANACK, with full particulars, post free.

FRANCIS RAVENSCROFT MANAGER.

A CHARMING GIFT BOOK!

"A brilliant book."—*Sketch*. "Particularly good."—*Academy*.
6s. net, claret roan, gilt, illustrated.

LONDON in the TIME of the DIAMOND JUBILEE.

London: Simpkin, Marshall & Co. Llangollen: Darlington & Co.

DARLINGTON'S HANDBOOKS.

Letter from H.M. the QUEEN.

"Sir Henry Ponsonby is commanded by the Queen to thank Mr. Darlington for a copy of his Handbook which he has sent to Her Majesty."
"Nothing better could be wished for."—*British Weekly*.
"Far superior to ordinary Guides."—*London Daily Chronicle*.

Edited by RALPH DARLINGTON, F.R.G.S. Maps by BARTHOLOMEW.

Feap. 8vo. ONE SHILLING EACH. Illustrated.

THE VALE of LLANGOLLEN.—With Special Contributions from His Excellency E. J. PHELPS, late American Minister; Professor JOHN RUSKIN, I.L.D.; ROBERT BROWNING; A. W. KINGLAKE; and Sir THEODORE MARTIN, K.C.B.

BOURNEMOUTH and NEW FOREST.

THE NORTH WALES COAST.

BRECON and its BEACONS.

ROSS, TINTERN, and CHEPSTOW.

BRISTOL, BATH, WELLS, and WESTON-SUPER-MARE.

BRIGHTON, EASTBOURNE, HASTINGS, and ST. LEONARDS.

LLANDUDNO, RHYL, BANGOR, BETTWSYCOED and SNOWDON.

ABERYSTWYTH, BARMOUTH, MACHYNLETH and ABERDOVEY.

BARMOUTH, DOUGELLY, HARLECH, ORIOLETH and Pwllheli.

MALVERN, HEREFORD, WORCESTER, GLOUCESTER and CHELTENHAM.

LLANDRINDOD WELLS and the SPAS of MID-WALES.

THE CHANNEL ISLANDS.

THE ISLE of WIGHT.

THE WYE VALLEY.

THE SEVERN VALLEY.

1s.—THE HOTELS of the WORLD. A Handbook to the Leading Hotels throughout the World.

"The most comprehensive and interesting Handbook to our vast city that we have seen."—*The World*.

"Most emphatically tops them all."—*Daily Graphic*.

"The best Handbook to London ever issued."—*Liverpool Daily Post*.

Sixty Illustrations.

3s. 6d. net.

Twenty Maps and Plans.

LONDON AND ENVIRONS.

By E. C. COOK and E. T. COOK, M.A.

Llangollen: DARLINGTON & CO.

London: SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, HAMILTON, KENT & Co., Ltd.

The Railway Bookstalls, and all Booksellers.

PORTRAIT SUPPLEMENTS

TO

"THE ACADEMY."

The following have appeared, and the numbers containing them can still be obtained; or Complete Sets may be had separately.

	1896.		
BEN JONSON	Nov. 14	WILKIE COLLINS ...	March 20
JOHN KEATS	, 21	JOHN MILTON	, 27
SIR JOHN SUCKLING ..	, 28	WILLIAM COWPER ...	April 3
TOM HOOD	Dec. 5	CHARLES DARWIN ...	, 10
THOMAS GRAY	, 12	ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON }	, 17
ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON }	, 19	HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW }	, 24
SIR WALTER SCOTT ...	, 26	ANDREW MARVELL ...	May 1
	1897.	ROBERT BROWNING ...	, 8
SAMUEL RICHARDSON.	Jan. 2	THOMAS CARLYLE ...	, 15
THOMAS DE QUINCEY	, 9	PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY	, 22
LEIGH HUNT	, 16	CHARLES DICKENS ...	, 29
LORD MACAULAY ...	, 23	JONATHAN SWIFT ...	June 5
ROBERT SOUTHEY ...	, 30	WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY }	, 12
S. T. COLERIDGE ...	Feb. 6	WILLIAM BLAKE ...	, 19
CHARLES LAMB	, 13	SIR RICHARD STEELE	, 26
MICHAEL DRAYTON ...	, 20	ALEXANDER POPE ...	July 3
WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR }	, 27	DOUGLAS JERROLD ...	, 10
SAMUEL PEPYS	March 6	FRANCIS BACON ...	, 17
EDMUND WALLER ...	, 13		1898.
		HENRIK IBSEN	March 26

A PERFECT LEAD PENCIL.**THE BLAISDELL SELF-SHARPENING PENCIL.**

"A remarkably smart contrivance."—*Black and White*.
"Surely a boon to all busy people."—*Westminster Budget*.

"A design in lead pencils that deserves popularity."—*Morning Leader*.
"I hope he may make a fortune by it."—*Truth*.

The Blaisdell Self-Sharpener Pencil looks like an ordinary pencil, and is used like an ordinary pencil. It is the same size as an ordinary pencil. It costs no more than an ordinary pencil of the same quality.

But it lasts at the very least twice as long, because there is none of the waste that occurs through breakage of the lead in sharpening a cedar pencil. This is more especially noticeable in the case of blue and red pencils. In using an ordinary coloured pencil, probably half the crayon-lead is wasted in cutting, and another quarter by the lead breaking in use. The Blaisdell coloured pencils waste none of the crayon in cutting, for there is no cutting to be done, and the crayon does not readily break in use. Hence the saving in lead alone is very great, and the saving of time, trouble, and annoyance is greater still. There are no chips, no dirty smears from crayon dust, and a perfect point is produced instantaneously whenever needed. The same is true of the black-lead Blaisdell Pencil.

The paper covering holds firm until it is desired to remove it. Then all that is necessary is to break the outer cover with a knife or pin, and pull off a spiral of paper. The new point is then ready for use.

Blaisdell Pencils, whether black or coloured, are made in but one quality—the best; but the black-lead pencil is made in all grades of hardness for writing or drawing.

USED BY

THE WAR OFFICE.
BANK OF ENGLAND.
NEW ZEALAND GOVERNMENT OFFICE.
BANKERS' CLEARING HOUSE.
UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT OFFICES.
OXFORD UNIVERSITY.
CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY.
ETON COLLEGE.

UNITED STATES ARSENAL.
UNITED STATES NAVY.
PENNSYLVANIA AND OTHER AMERICAN RAILWAY COMPANIES.
THE LONDON STOCK EXCHANGE.
NORTH BRITISH AND MERCANTILE AND OTHER INSURANCE OFFICES.

If not obtainable at your Stationer's, send for Specimens—Red, Blue, and Black, post free (in the United Kingdom), 1s.

BLAISDELL PENCIL CO., Limited,
46, HOLBORN VIADUCT, LONDON, E.C.

AUTHORS and their PENS.

HALL CAINE: "I wrote the 'Manx-man' with the Swan Pen."

S. R. CROCKETT: "Your Gold Pen suits me most admirably."

GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA: "I have lately taken to writing with a Gold Pen."

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES:

"You may like to know I used this pen from the days of a book of mine called 'The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table' (1857).

PHIL MAY: "It is the most successful pen I have ever used."

W. R. BRADLAUGH: "I write over 8,000 words a day, and your pens are a perfect boon."

"TOBY'S DIARY" daily written with it."

Send for Illustrated List, &c., to MABIE, TODD & BARD, 93, Cheapside; 95, Regent Street; 21, High Street, Kensington.

MABIE, TODD & BARD,

Manufacturers of Gold Nibs, and the Swan Fountain Pen.

THIS DAY IS PUBLISHED.—ONE SHILLING.
Nearly 200 pages, superbly illustrated.
HARPER'S MAGAZINE.

PRINCIPAL CONTENTS.
JUNE NUMBER.

WHAT THE SIBERIAN RAILWAY WILL SUPPLANT. Frontispiece.
Illustration by W. A. Rogers, for "The Czar's People."
THE CZAR'S PEOPLE .. JULIAN RALPH.
Twenty-six illustrations (including Frontispiece) from Drawings
by T. de Thulstrup. W. A. Rogers, W. Louis Scouting, Jun., G. W.
Peters, and Harry Penn; and from Photographs.
What the Siberian Railway will Supplant—Headpiece—A Bit of
Sebastopol—An Imperial Sentry—Helsingfors, the Capital of Fin-
land—St. Isaac's Cathedral, St. Petersburg—The Esplanade, Hel-
singfors—A Nevsky Perspective—The Station at Mooraviet-
Amorsky, Eastern Siberia—Railway Construction near Khaba-
rovka, Eastern Siberia—A Summer Cab, St. Petersburg—A Winter
Cab, St. Petersburg—Types of Russian Cabbies—An Omnibus to
the Suburb of Moscow—A Manchurian Scene—Troitsa Convent
near Moscow—A Father Superior—A Village Winter Scene—A
Mushik Family—A Village Merchant: Winter Dress—A Peasant
Girl in Nurse's Dress—A Village Policeman: Winter Dress—A
Prosperous Peasant—Mushik—Tailpiece.
OLD CHESTER TALES—MRS. MARIA. MARGARET DELAND.
Two illustrations by Howard Pyle.
CURRENT FALLACIES UPON NAVAL SUBJECTS.
THE SPIRIT OF MAHONGUI: a Story .. FREDERICK REMINGTON.
Three illustrations by Frederick Remington.
THE TROLLEY IN RURAL PARTS .. SYLVESTER BAXTER.
Six illustrations by Peter Newell. Headpiece—A Sunday-school
Picnic—A Through Traveller—"They call each other by their
front names"—"Sometimes the Conductor does Errands for his
Friends"—"A cosy little Picnic."
RODENT'S CORNER: a Novel. Part VI. HENRY SETON MERRIMAN.
Four illustrations by T. de Thulstrup.
WILLIAM'S MOORE .. HAMBLEN SEARS.
Headpiece by E. E. Edwards, and Four illustrations by A. B. Frost.
MRS. PETTINGOREWS QUESTION: a Story. ELIZEN DOUGLAS DELAND.
Three illustrations by W. T. Smalley.
A REBEL CIPHER DESPATCH .. DAVID HOMER BATES.
A WOMAN WHO LOST HER PRINCIPLES: a Story. LOUISE BETTS EDWARDS.
Two illustrations by E. L. Blumenschein.
A STUDY OF A CHILD .. LOUISE E. HOGAN.
Forty illustrations from Drawings made by the Child before his
Seventh Year.
A CENTURY OF CUBAN DIPLOMACY, 1795 to 1895.
WITH MUSIC AND WHITE LIGHT: a Story. ARMY SWAIN MEGUINE.
THE SITUATION IN CHINA .. CATHAY.
DICTATED: a Story .. ALEXANDER BLACK.
EDITOR'S STUDY .. CHARLES DUDLEY WARKER.
Life in Mexico—Mexican Archaeology—Christian Science and
Crowd.
EDITOR'S DRAWER. With Introductory Story by RUTH McENERY
STUART.
Illustrations by Peter Newell, Louise L. Heustis and O. Herford.
Annual Subscription, including postage, 15s.

London: HARPER & BROTHERS, 45, Albemarle St., W.

SECOND EDITION.—AT ALL LIBRARIES.
REMINISCENCES.

By M. BETHAM-EDWARDS.

The ACADEMY (May 14) devotes Four Columns to
"THIS BRIGHT, VIVID, BRUSQUE LITTLE BOOK OF
MEMOIRS," and other Leading Journals fill Thirteen
Columns with its praises.

GEORGE REDWAY, Publisher, London.

Large crown 8vo, nearly 800 pp., cloth, 6s.;
half-calf, 10s. 6d., post free.

HISTORY
OF THE
FREE CHURCHES OF ENGLAND

FROM THE REFORMATION TO 1851.

By HERBERT S. SKELTON.

WITH A CONTINUATION TO 1891,

By CHARLES S. MIAL.

"As a complete exposition of the history of Dissent, from the
Nonconformist point of view, it is no doubt certain to
retain its reputation."—*Times*.

"Readers will find here, in a clear and attractive form,
much information which cannot readily be found anywhere
else."—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

ALEXANDER & SHEPHEARD, Farnival St., London, E.C.

EPPS'S COCOAINE
COCOA-NIB EXTRACT.

The choicest roasted nibs (broken-up beans) of the natural Cocoa on
being subjected to powerful hydraulic pressure give forth their excess
of oil, leaving for use a finely flavoured powder—"Cocaine," a product
which, when prepared with boiling water, has the consistence of tea
of which it is now, with many, beneficially taking the place. Its
active principle being a gentle nerve stimulant, supplies the needed
energy without unduly exciting the system. Sold only in labelled
tins. If unable to obtain it of your tradesman, a tin will be sent
post free for 9 stamps.—JAMES EPPS & CO., Ltd., Homoeopathic
Chemists, London

DUCKWORTH & CO'S LIST.

NEW NOVELS.

Crown 8vo, 6s.

THE UNKNOWN SEA.

By CLEMENCE HOUSMAN.

"A delicate fancy and a rich imagination have enabled the author to invest it with singular im-
pressiveness.....hardly a page fails to indicate the author's delicate methods and robust individuality."

Nottingham Guardian.

Sunday Special.

"We own a sense of admiration for the gallant effort of Clemence Housman."—*Sunday Special*.
"Clemence Housman's story is one of the most remarkable that has been put into our hands for a
considerable time."—*Aberdeen Free Press*.

A MONTE CARLO STORY.

JOCELYN. By JOHN SINJOHN.

"Two of the best comedy characters that we have encountered in recent fiction."—*Outlook*.

"The Riviera setting is aglow with colour and life."—*Daily Mail*.

"This powerful piece of fiction should have a wide popularity. It has the strenuousness of life in it."
Dundee Advertiser.

THE FIRE OF LIFE. By C. K. BURROW.

PROSPECTUSES AND LIST OF ANNOUNCEMENTS SENT ON APPLICATION.

3, HENRIETTA STREET, COVENT GARDEN, W.C.

IMPORTANT.

All who are interested in books, either as readers,
authors, purchasers, or vendors, should subscribe to the

PUBLISHERS' CIRCULAR

AND

BOOKSELLERS' RECORD.

ESTABLISHED 1837.

Among the many attractions of its columns the following
may be mentioned:—

Literary articles (including leader on some prominent
topic of the moment) announcements of forthcoming
volumes, notes on current events in connection with
the publishing world, reviews (often illustrated) of new books
and magazines, correspondence, &c., &c. An exceedingly
valuable feature of the paper is the list of

NEW BOOKS OF THE WEEK

(the most complete list issued) giving the full title, size,
price, and publisher, with an index of subjects and name
of book and author in one alphabet. Also in every number
upwards of a thousand

OUT-OF-PRINT BOOKS

are advertised for, thus affording readers an excellent
opportunity either of disposing of their own scarce volumes
or purchasing others that they may be in need of; and
attention is particularly drawn to the fact that annual
subscribers have the privilege of a *four-line advertisement*
free each week in this column. They also receive a gratis
copy of the large special Christmas Number—a handsome
quarto volume containing over 250 illustrations.

As an advertising medium in connection with books, the
Publishers' Circular and Booksellers' Record stands un-
rivalled.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

THE PUBLISHERS' CIRCULAR can be had by sending Postal
Order or Stamps to Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston &
Co., Limited, the Proprietors, St. Dunstan's House,
Fetter Lane, London, to whom all money-payments
should be made.

For One Year, post-free to any part of Great	
Britain and Ireland	9s. 6d.
" Six Months ditto ditto	4s. 6d.
" Three Months ditto ditto	2s. 6d.
To America and the Continent, the Annual Sub-	
scription, including postage	11s. 6d.

London:

SAMPSON LOW, MARSTON & COMPANY, LTD.,
St. Dunstan's House, Fetter Lane, Fleet Street, E.C.

New ready, demy 8vo, cloth extra, price 10s. 6d.

THE PRINCIPLES and METHODS of
MISSIONARY LABOUR. By EDWARD BEAN
UNDERHILL, Honorary Secretary of the Baptist
Missionary Society.

"The large knowledge, the sound judgment, the strong
practical sense, and the high-toned Christian enthusiasm
of our dear friend has never been more conspicuously dis-
played."—*Baptist Magazine*.

London: ALEXANDER & SHEPHEARD, 21 and 22, Farnival Street, E.C.

NOW READY.

BOOKS of the YEAR 1897.

SIXTY-FIRST YEAR OF ISSUE OF
ANNUAL CATALOGUE.

THE

ENGLISH CATALOGUE OF BOOKS

FOR THE YEAR 1897.

Royal 8vo, pp. over 224, cloth limp, 5s. net; or
half-roan limp, 6s. 6d. net.

It contains a much longer List of Works than last year's
Catalogue, including an addition of some 1,400 more
Titles, but the price remains the same, viz., 5s. net, cloth
limp; or half-roan limp, 6s. 6d. net.

SOME PRESS OPINIONS ON FORMER ISSUES.

"The English Catalogue' is a publication of national
importance. There is nothing existing that has any claim
to be compared with it as a ready guide to the vast fields of
modern publications."—*Daily News*.

"Such a book is immensely useful to all who have to do
with the literature of the day."—*Athenaeum*.

"We need scarcely point out how valuable a work of
reference this well-known catalogue affords, as it is not only
the names of books which are furnished in these pages, but
also the dates of publication, an indication of the size, and
the name of the publisher. The principal works imported
from the United States of America are also included in this
admirable volume."—*Daily Telegraph*.

"The English Catalogue of Books' is known and appre-
ciated by librarians and those engaged in literary research
wherever English books are used, and the new volume of
the work is sure of a wide and hearty welcome."—*Scotsman*.

"To say that it is indispensable to whole classes and
interests is mere commonplace. It is in its class the most
useful of records.....The entire work is, indeed, a precious
record."—*Notes and Queries*.

London:

SAMPSON LOW, MARSTON & COMPANY, LTD.,
St. Dunstan's House, Fetter Lane, Fleet Street, E.C.

Second Edition. Crown 8vo, cloth boards, price 1s. 6d.,
post free.

THE CONDUCT of PUBLIC MEETINGS.
By J. HUNT COOKE. A clear and concise Manual
for all Public Speakers.

"We make no apology, even during the holiday season,
for drawing attention to this little book."—*Spectator*.
"The whole duty of man in a chair."—*Expository Times*.

MR. MURRAY'S NEW WORKS.

With Illustrations, crown 8vo, 12 vols., 6s. each.
The NEW EDITION of LORD BYRON.

FIRST VOLUME OF PROSE AND
FIRST VOLUME OF POETRY
NOW READY.

A New Text, with many hitherto Unpublished
Additions.
The **POETRY** Edited by E. H. COLERIDGE.
The **LETTERS** Edited by R. E. PROTHERO.

"If the succeeding volumes are as careful and as thorough as the first, no other edition is likely to be desired for many years to come. The work promises to be in all respects a complete success."—*Times*.
"Mr. Coleridge has performed a very difficult task with both knowledge and judgment."—*Literature*.

FIVE YEARS IN SIAM:

A Record of Journeys Up and Down the Country, and of Life among the People from 1891 to 1896, with some Remarks on the Resources and Administration of the Kingdom.

By H. WARINGTON SMYTH, M.A., LL.B.,
F.G.S., F.R.G.S.,
Formerly Director of the Department of Mines in Siam.

2 vols., crown 8vo, with Illustrations from the Author's Drawings and Maps, 24s.

[Now ready.]

"Here at last is the kind of book for which all English readers interested in Siam have been waiting. It gives us an impartial and sympathetic estimate of the Siamese character, an account of the reformed administration.....a description of the natural resources, of sea, river, and land scenery, and a hundred other subjects. It is the work of a writer whose conclusions are the result of personal observation."—*Daily News*.

HYDROGRAPHICAL SURVEYING.

A Description of the Means and Methods Employed in Constructing Marine Charts.

By Rear-Admiral
Sir WILLIAM J. L. WHARTON, K.C.B.,
Hydrographer to the Admiralty.

A NEW EDITION REVISED THROUGHOUT.
With Diagrams and Illustrations. Demy 8vo, 18s.
[Nearly ready.]

WHAT IS GOOD MUSIC?

Suggestions to Persons desiring to Cultivate a Taste in Musical Art.

By W. J. HENDERSON,
Author of "The Story of Music," "Preludes and Studies," &c.

Crown 8vo, 5s. [Now ready.]

ESSAYS ON CHURCH REFORM

Edited by the Rev. CHARLES GORE,
M.A., D.D. (Edin.), Canon of Westminster.

Demy 8vo, 10s. 6d. [Now ready.]

Contents:—1. General Lines of Church Reform—2. The Original Position of the Laity in the Christian Church—3. The Actual Methods of Self-Government in the Established Church of Scotland—4. An Ideal of Church and State—5. A Practicable Ideal of Self-Government—6. Legal and Parliamentary Possibilities—7. Parish Councils—8. Patronage—9. Pensions for the Clergy—10. Increase of the Episcopate—11. Church Reform and Social Problems.

Bishop HALL, of Vermont, U.S.A., the Rev. J. WATKIN WILLIAMS, of Cape Town, the Rev. Canon TRAVERS SMITH, of Dublin, and Mr. R. T. N. SPEIR, of Muthill, Perthshire, will give accounts of the methods of Self-Government in their respective Non-Established Churches, with special reference to the position of the Laity.

JOHN MURRAY, Albemarle Street.

ELLIOT STOCK'S NEW BOOKS.

New and Enlarged Edition. In demy 8vo, tastefully printed and bound, price 7s. 6d.

WITH A BEAUTIFUL FRONTISPICE OF STUDIES OF CLOUDS AT VARIOUS ALTITUDES.

WEATHER LORE.

A Garner of Knowledge, Tradition, Proverbs, Folk-sayings, Wise Sawes, Rhymes, &c., Concerning the Weather. By RICHARD INWARDS.

"Possesses something more than a literary and antiquarian interest."—*Spectator*.

"An excellent collection of the proverbial sayings, rhymed or unrhymed, which have been passed on from generation to generation."—*Athenaeum*.

"We believe this is the largest collection ever brought together.....The author has ransacked all sorts of ancient and modern publications in search of treasure, and the result cannot fail to be instructive and entertaining to a large circle of readers."—*Morning Post*.

In crown 8vo, cloth, price 6s.

The GROWTH and INFLUENCE of MUSIC in RELATION to CIVILISATION.

By HENRY TIPPER.

In crown 8vo, cloth, illustrated, price 6s.

DANTE at RAVENNA: a Study.

By CATHERINE MARY PHILLIMORE, Author of "Studies in Italian Literature," "The Warrior Medici," "Fra Angelico," "Selections from the Sermons of Padre Agostino Da Montefeltro," &c.

"The outcome of enthusiasm and scholarship.....will be heartily welcomed by the lovers of Dante."—*Globe*.

NEW NOVELS.

In crown 8vo, handsomely bound in cloth, price 6s.

JOHN MAVERELL: a Tale of the Riviera.

By J. DUNCAN CRAIG, D.D., Author of "Real Pictures of Clerical Life in Ireland," "La Debanado; or, Scenes during the Franco-German War."

"An interesting and cleverly-planned story."—*Booksellers' Review*.

In crown 8vo, cloth, price 5s.

LUTES and GIFTS.

By LOUISA SAHN.

"The author writes with pleasant vivaciousness."—*Sheffield Independent*.

In crown 8vo, cloth, gilt lettered, price 4s. 6d.

THE SCHOOL SYSTEM of the TALMUD.

With a Sketch of the Talmudical Treatise "Baba Kama." By the Rev. B. SPIERS (Dayan).

In crown 8vo, parchment, price 1s. 6d. net.

Large-paper copies, price 7s. 6d. net.

BRENTFORD: Literary and His- torical Sketches.

By FRED. TURNER (Librarian: Brentford Public Library).

BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

In foolscap 8vo, paper cover, price 3d.

FAMOUS OLD MSS. and BOOKS.

No. 2, Caedmon's "Paraphrase of Holy Scripture."

In crown 8vo, price 2s.

SCIENTIFIC METHODS in BIOLOGY.

By Dr. ELIZABETH BLACKWELL.

"It is surprising how much suggestiveness and controversial matter can be introduced within a small number of pages, when every paragraph has been carefully considered and is expressed in weighty language."—*Manchester Courier*.

ELLIOT STOCK, 62, PATERNOSTER ROW,
LONDON, E.C.

WM. BLACKWOOD & SONS' Educational List.

BLACKWOODS'

SCHOOL SHAKESPEARE.

Edited by R. BRIMLEY JOHNSON.

EACH PLAY COMPLETE, WITH INTRODUCTION,
NOTES, AND GLOSSARY.

In crown 8vo volumes, price 1s. 6d.

NOW READY.

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

Others in preparation.

HIGHER LATIN UNSEENS. Selected, with Introductory Hints on Translation, by H. W. AUDEN, M.A., Assistant Master at Fettes College, Edinburgh. 2s. 6d.

HIGHER LATIN PROSE. With an Introduction by H. W. AUDEN. 2s. 6d.

HIGHER GREEK UNSEENS. Selected, with Introductory Hints on Translation, by H. W. AUDEN. 2s. 6d.

LOWER GERMAN. Reading, Supplementary Grammar with Exercises, and Material for Composition. By LOUIS LUBOVITZ, German Master in the Secondary Schools of the Govan School Board, Glasgow. 2s. 6d.

LATIN VERSE UNSEENS. By G. MIDDLETON, M.A., Lecturer in Latin, Aberdeen University, late Scholar of Emmanuel College, Cambridge. Crown 8vo, 1s. 6d.

LATIN HISTORICAL UNSEENS. For Army Classes. By L. VAUGHAN WILKES, M.A., late Classical Scholar of Hertford College, Oxford. Crown 8vo, 2s.

GREEK VERSE UNSEENS. By T. R. MILLS, M.A., late Lecturer in Greek, Aberdeen University, formerly Scholar of Wadham College, Oxford. Crown 8vo, 1s. 6d.

A TEXT-BOOK of MODERN GEOMETRY. By J. A. THIRD, M.A., Head Master, Spier's School, Beith. [In a few days.]

HISTORY of ENGLISH LITERATURE. By J. LOGIE ROBERTSON, M.A., Senior English Master, Edinburgh Ladies' College. Second Edition. Crown 8vo, 3s.

OUTLINES of ENGLISH LITERATURE. For Young Scholars, with Illustrative Specimens. By J. LOGIE ROBERTSON. Crown 8vo, 1s. 6d.

ENGLISH VERSE for JUNIOR CLASSES. By J. LOGIE ROBERTSON. In 2 Parts. Part I.—CHAUCER to COLERIDGE. Part II.—NINETEENTH CENTURY POETS. Crown 8vo, 1s. 6d. net each.

ENGLISH PROSE for JUNIOR and SENIOR CLASSES. By J. LOGIE ROBERTSON. Part I.—MALORY to JOHNSON. Crown 8vo. [In a few days.]

PARAPHRASING, ANALYSIS, and CORRECTION of SENTENCES. By D. M. J. JAMES, M.A., Gordon Schools, Huntly. Crown 8vo, 1s.

ELEMENTARY GRAMMAR and COMPOSITION. Based on the ANALYSIS of SENTENCES. With a Chapter on Word-Building and Derivation, and containing numerous Exercises. New Edition. Fcap. 8vo, 1s.

A WORKING HANDBOOK of the ANALYSIS of SENTENCES. With NOTES on PARAPHRASING, FIGURES OF SPEECH, and PROSE. New Edition, Revised. Crown 8vo, 1s. 6d.

STORMONTE'S ENGLISH DICTIONARY. Pronouncing, Etymological, and Explanatory. Revised.

I. LIBRARY EDITION. With Supplement. Imperial 8vo, handsomely bound in half-morocco, 18s. net.

II. SCHOOL and COLLEGE EDITION. Crown 8vo, 500 pp., 7s. 6d.

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD & SONS,
EDINBURGH AND LONDON.

CONTENTS.

REVIEWS:	PAGE
Byron as a Letter-Writer	541
The "Free Old Hawk" Again	542
A Dublin Doctor	543
Jeffreys Reconsidered	544
Psychology and Art	544
History for Schools	545
Some Recent Theology	546
THE ACADEMY SUPPLEMENT	547-550
NOTES AND NEWS	551
BETWEEN THE MOUNTAINS AND THE SEA. By Sir Lewis Morris	554
PURE FABLES	554
THE "NEWGATE"	554
THREE BARDS OF THE BUSH: III., Mr. A. B. Paterson	555
STEINLEN'S CATS	556
THE BOOK MARKET	557
THE WEEK	559
ART	559
DRAMA	560
CORRESPONDENCE	561
BOOKS RECEIVED	563
Announcements	563

REVIEWS.

BYRON AS LETTER-WRITER.

The Works of Lord Byron: Letters and Journals. Vol. I. Edited by R. E. Prothero, M.A. (Murray.)

"It is not easy," wrote Johnson, in criticising Pope's Letters, "to distinguish affectation from habit; he that has once studiously formed a style rarely writes afterwards with complete ease. Pope may be said to write always with his reputation in his head." Those pregnant sentences seem peculiarly applicable to the first volume of Byron's letters, edited by Mr. Rowland E. Prothero, who has had access to much that is now new to the world. But there is this difference: Pope's style had been "studiously formed"; Byron's was—studiously?—forming. If ever the child was father to the man that child was Byron before yet he had accomplished twenty years of his few and evil days. Every letter bears upon it the sign of that exaggerated self-esteem, that ridiculous inequality between his actual and supposed accomplishment which later on was to fill Europe with brilliantly rhetorical complaints, with claims most successfully emphasised, and with the imposition of a very unworthy poetical, but a splendidly oratorical, achievement on the most discriminating and far-seeing minds of his own generation.

The art of letter-writing, in truth, is necessarily one of the most difficult possible, since it is the only art which demands the submersion of self-consciousness. Swift wrote letters, says Johnson, like a man that remembered he was writing to Pope, but Arbuthnot "like one who lets thoughts drop from his pen as they rise into his mind." That is the most difficult achievement of all; and despite Macaulay, Byron by no manner of means—at all events in his early letters—ever came near its accomplishment. His letters, says Macaulay, are among the best in our language. "They are less affected than those of Pope and Walpole; they have more matter in them than those of Cowper; . . . if the epistolary style of Lord Byron was artificial, it was a rare and admirable instance of that highest art which cannot be distinguished

from nature." It is true enough that the early letters reveal the nature of the man pretty conclusively, but precisely on account of the artifices which even the boy had accumulated over the natural pile of his personality. But since affectation of the most frantically grotesque and ludicrous kind was the keynote to all Byron's utterance and public expression, it is utterly absurd to maintain that the very fact of revealing that affectation is a reason for considering his letters less affected than those of Pope. Nevertheless, when all these points are thoroughly understood, when it is granted that Byron the letter-writer is no more and no less than Byron the poet, Byron, not so much a creature of God's hands as the manufactured product of one of the most absurd romantic ideals that ever entered into the brain of man, his letters still remain an extraordinarily complete personal revelation. We are ashamed to remember that part of that romantic ideal had its foundation in no more solid a substance than the fact of his rather laughable nobility of birth. The sentiment of one stanza from his juvenile poems is the very essence of half the rant of independence, the mock assumption of strength, the silly superiority which are the chief note of the letters. Thus wrote the noble poet, at the age of nineteen, to his ancestors:

"Shades of heroes, farewell! your descendant,
departing
From the seat of his ancestors, bids you
adieu!
Abroad or at home, your remembrance
imparting
New courage, he'll think upon glory and
you."

When you read Mr. Prothero's quiet and keenly impartial account of the heroic shades here appealed to, you cannot but recall Pope's couplet on Addison with a peculiar sense of its applicability to Byron:

"Who but must laugh if such a man there be?
Who would not weep if Atticus were he?"

We have used certain phrases concerning Byron's character—rant of independence, mock assumption of strength, silly superiority—which demand justification. Let us justify them out of the letters themselves. Here is an extract from a Harrow letter written when the boy was sixteen:

"That you are unhappy, my dear Sister, makes me so also; were it in my power to relieve your sorrows you would soon recover your spirits; as it is, I sympathize better than you yourself expect. But really, after all (pardon me, my dear Sister), I feel a little inclined to laugh at you, for love, in my humble opinion, is utter nonsense, a mere jargon of compliments, romance and deceit; now, for my part, had I fifty mistresses, I should in the course of a fortnight forget them all, and, if by any chance I ever recollected one, should laugh at it as a dream, and bless my stars for delivering me from the hands of the little mischievous blind God. Can't you drive this Cousin of ours out of your pretty little head (for as to hearts I think they are out of the question), or if you are so far gone, why don't you give old L'Harpagon (I mean the General) the slip, and take a trip to Scotland, you are now pretty near the Borders."

"Now, for my part, had I fifty mistresses, I should in the course of a fortnight forget

them all": what is it, after all (the fanatic admirer will say), but the tall talk of immaturity? That is true enough; but the strange part of the business is that this is almost exactly the attitude which the mature man was destined to take in regard to such points through all his years, through all his poetry, and all his conversation, and in all his ridiculous poses.

Take another extract upon a subject which Mr. Prothero kindly describes as a "misunderstanding" on the part of Byron, on the subject of the allowance made by the Court of Chancery for his furniture. The unfortunate point in the matter is that Byron was never without his "misunderstandings" in any circumstance of life, and the man who never ceases to understand his friends wrongly need not be described as a creature requiring particular sympathy. The letter is addressed to his solicitor, Mr. John Hanson:

"After the contents of your Epistle, you will probably be less surprised at my answer than I have been at many points of yours; never was I more astonished than at the perusal, for I confess I expected very different treatment. Your indirect charge of Dissipation does not affect me, nor do I fear the strictest inquiry into my conduct; neither here [Cambridge] nor at Harrow have I disgraced myself, the 'Metropolis' and the 'Cloisters' are alike unconscious of my Debauchery, and on the plains of merry Sherwood I have experienced Misery alone. . . . Mrs. Byron and myself are now totally separated, injured by her I sought refuge with Strangers, too late I see my error, for how was kindness to be expected from others, when denied by a parent? In you, Sir, I imagined I had found an Instructor; for your advice I thank you; the Hospitality of yourself and Mrs. H.—on many occasions I shall always gratefully remember, for I am not of opinion that even present Injustice can cancel past obligations."

Were we not right in that phrase "silly superiority"? Is it possible to read such trash without a sense of shame for the man who shook the world with his egotism and who never, in point of reality or in the understanding of life, advanced one step beyond the spirit of this kind of utterance? Harken to Manfred lisping in sentiment from the boy's lips in a later passage of the same letter:

"Before I proceed, it will be necessary to say a few words concerning Mrs. Bryon [his mother]. You hinted a possibility of her appearance at Trinity; the instant I hear of her arrival I quit Cambridge, though Rustication or Expulsion be the consequence. Many a weary week of torment have I passed with her, nor have I forgot the insulting Epithets with which myself, my sister, my father, and my family have been repeatedly reviled."

When one remembers the real and human meaning of that phrase, "my father and my family"—the father whom he never remembered, the family which he never knew—one begins to understand something of the character of this bard. This particular letter from which we have made quotation is, in truth, a mine of information as to the youngster's character, which was really as fixed at the age of seventeen as at the age when he produced his most influential and popular works. He was not allowed, it appears, to incur the super-

fluous expense of "repairing" his rooms. "Hear my determination," says he to Mr. Hanson. "I will never pay for them out of my allowance, and the disgrace will not attach to me but to those by whom I have been deceived." He had already availed himself of the fruits of that tremendous truth that no man can shirk a burthen without transferring it to somebody else's shoulders. It was Byron's habit to practise this particular form of shirking, and if we add to this list of strange characteristics which we have already detailed an absurd vanity which this letter-writer was for ever attempting to pass off under a thin disguise of humour, we have the character fairly complete. He writes to his half-sister:

"I presume you were rather surprised not to see my consequential name in the papers amongst the orators of our second speech-day, but unfortunately some wit who had formerly been at Harrow, suppressed the merits of Long, Farrer and myself, who were always supposed to take the Lead in Harrow eloquence, and by way of a hoax thought proper to insert a panegyric on those speakers who were really and truly allowed to have rather disgraced themselves. Of course for the wit of the thing, the best were left out and the worst inserted, which accounts for the Gothic omission of my superior talents. Perhaps it was done with a view to weaken our vanity, which might be too much raised by the flattering paragraphs bestowed on our performance the first speech-day; be that as it may, we were omitted in the account of the second, to the astonishment of all Harrow."

The contradictory explanation of his neglected performance, described, first as a hoax, and then as a means of chastening his vanity, proves quite sufficiently that, whether by hoax or by serious intention, that vanity needed chastening indeed. He allows himself to use the following agreeable language in regard to his mother:

"I have at last succeeded in pacifying the dowager, and mollifying that piece of flint which the good Lady denominates her heart. She now has condescended to send you her love, although with many comments on the occasion and many compliments to herself. But to me she still continues to be a torment, and I doubt not would continue so to the end of my life. However, this is the last time she will ever have an opportunity, as, when I go to college I shall employ my vacations either in town; or during the summer I intend making a tour through the Highlands, and to visit the Hebrides with a party of my friends whom I have engaged for the purpose . . . I by that means will avoid the society of this woman, whose detestable temper destroys every Idea of domestic comfort. It is a happy thing that she is my mother and not my wife, so that I can rid myself of her when I please, and indeed if she goes on in the style that she has done for this last week that I have been with her, I shall quit her before the month I was to drag out in her company is expired, and place myself anywhere rather than remain with such a vixen."

Now, without for a moment indulging in the customary phrases about filial duty, and quite recognising that even a maternal temper may be too overwhelming on occasions, this was surely a uniquely Byronic way of writing of a woman, who within three weeks of that letter did herself write—as Mr. Prothero, with his customary impartiality instantly informs us—"I give up the five hundred a year to my son, and you

will supply him with money accordingly. The two hundred a year in addition I shall reserve for myself; nor can I do with less, as my house will always be a home for my son whenever he chooses to come to it." In those far more dignified phrases there are hints of another's "detestable temper," if the writer had only cared to make the revelation.

Mr. Prothero's first volume brings us down to the eye of that historical March day when Byron awoke to find himself famous. Just before that celebrated occasion death released the "vixen" with whom he refused to live, probably with excellent reasons. But this is the way in which he expresses his loss, in a letter to R. C. Dallas:

"Peace be with the dead! Regret cannot wake them. With a sigh to the departed, let us resume the dull business of life, in the certainty that we also shall have our repose. Besides her who gave me being, I have lost more than one who made that being tolerable. The best friend of my friend Hobhouse . . . has perished miserably in the muddy waters of Cam, always fatal to genius."

At that point of rhetoric, of sham Stoicism, of vacuous bragging, the tatterdemalion hero of Mr. Prothero's volume is, as we have said, left. The editing of the book, however, could not have been done better. The task has been accomplished with rare skill, fine impartiality, and distinguished deference to rivals in the same field. The only result, however—though the lesson is as instructive as any which this century of letters can show—is to prove Byron to be a more completely thorough impostor than we had ever before supposed. We notice that one Byronic has been filtering his aroused feelings in an evening paper against Mr. Lionel Johnson's claim in these columns, that Byron was a twopenny poet and a farthing man. If sympathisers with Byron (Colonel Newcome included) would care to study this volume of letters intelligently, they would find, we rather think, much to give pause to their sensibilities and emotions on the subject of the "noble poet."

THE "FREE OLD HAWK" AGAIN.

The Wound-Dresser. By Walt Whitman. Edited by R. M. Bucke. (Putnam's Sons.)

LAST year a little collection of Walt Whitman's letters to Peter Doyle, one of his boy friends, was published under the title *Calamus*. Now comes another contribution to our knowledge of the Free Old Hawk (as in one of the Doyle letters Walt calls himself), in the form of a bundle of correspondence sent to his mother from Washington in 1862-3-4, when he was nursing the wounded soldiers of the Civil War. Every one knows that Whitman played the ministering angel (disguised as a hairy, open-shirted, warm-hearted, tobacco-carrying Republican) to some hundreds of America's sick fighters: his account of his experiences are accessible in *Specimen Days* and *Drum Taps*; but the more spontaneous,

unofficial story of his Hospital benefactions, as told in familiar day-to-day letters to his mother, is new. In this little book that story may be read. Its title is *The Wound-Dresser*. "The Heartener" would be more accurate, for Walt did not, as *The Wound-Dresser* would suggest, so much fulfil the duties of surgeon or nurse as supplement and complete them by countless little sympathetic offices which it needed a comprehensive and partly feminine mind such as his to think of. First and foremost, he set himself to cheer the men, to put hopefulness into them, to oust impatience, to divert their thoughts, to minimise their forebodings. He passed through the crowded wards like a sun-warmed breeze of spring.

There have been critics who held that Whitman might have done better to have fought for the cause he had at heart; but it seems to us that the nobler way was his. It may be contended, without any aspersion on the fair honour of Bellona, that to ease the dying hours or assist the recovery of numbers and numbers of those who had fought and fallen in the war was at least as serviceable an action for the North as the individual slaughter of a dozen or so Southerners. Moreover, while the bodily privations through which Whitman had to pass were trifling (although he often sat up all night), his mind was severely assailed. "Mother," he says somewhere, "it is the most pitiful sight, I think, when first the men are brought in. I have to bustle round to keep from crying." And Dr. Bucke states in his final note that Whitman's ill-health and paralysis dated from this period. None the less, though he suffered from it, Walt liked his self-imposed work. "Mother," he wrote, "as I have said in former letters, you can have no idea how these sick and dying youngsters cling to a fellow, and how fascinating it is, with all its hospital surroundings of sadness and scenes of repulsion of death."

Walt's inexhaustible federating imagination was needed for the success of the enterprise. Other ministering angels doubtless shed light upon these overstocked hospitals, but none were like unto him. He alone had magnetism and solicitous, inspired thought.

"Above all [he writes], the poor boys welcome magnetic friendship, personality (some are so fervent, so hungering for this)—poor fellows, how young they are, lying there with their pale faces, and that mute look in their eyes. O, how one gets to love them—often, in particular cases, so suffering, so good, so manly and affectionate. . . . Lots of them have grown to expect, as I leave at night, that we should kiss each other, sometimes quite a number; I have to go round, poor boys. . . . I spend my evenings altogether at the hospitals—my days often. I give little gifts of money in small sums, which I am enabled to do—all sorts of things indeed, food, clothing, letter stamps (I write lots of letters), now and then a good pair of crutches, &c., &c. Then I read to the boys. The whole ward that can walk gathers around me and listens."

And again:

"I have been feeding some their dinners. It makes me feel quite proud. I find so frequently I can do with the men what no one else at all can—getting them to eat (some that

will not touch their food otherwise, nor for anybody else)—it is sometimes quite affecting. I can tell you. I found such a case to-day, a soldier with throat disease very bad. I fed him quite a dinner; the men (his comrades around) just stared in wonder, and one of them told me afterwards that he (the sick man) had not eat so much at a meal in three months."

And here is an account of one of Walt's happy thoughts:

"Oh, I must tell you, I [gave] in Carver Hospital a great treat of ice-cream, a couple of days ago—went round myself through about fifteen large wards (I bought some ten gallons, very nice). You would have cried and been amused too. Many of the men had to be fed; several of them I saw cannot probably live, yet they quite enjoyed it. I gave everybody some—quite a number [of] Western country boys had never tasted ice-cream before."

And in another letter Walt says: "Mother, I have real pride in telling you that I have the consciousness of saving quite a number of lives by saving them from giving up." A noble record, is it not?

The letters are not wholly given to the description of patients and Walt's methods. There are many asides. Often they are concerned with clothes, for Walt, though he was now over forty, still stood to his mother somewhat in the relation of schoolboy. Boy he was, of course, to the end: boy in heart and enthusiasm and naturalness; but in the matter of clothes, particularly shirts, he was boy more actually still. Thus: "Mother, I have neglected, I think, what I ought to have told you two or three weeks ago, that is that I have discarded my old clothes." And, "O, mother, how welcome the shirts were," and so on. And looking at the excellent portrait of Louisa Whitman which accompanies this book, it is not hard to understand the Free Old Hawk's persistent dependence and minute filial regard: a full, strong face, with soft, kindly lines and plenty of chin, shrewd, humorous eyes, hair parted in the middle and a white cap over the head, ending in two ribbons—a most lovable old lady. Walt occasionally touches on other matters less personal than wearing apparel. Now and then he is strong in praise of O'Connor, with whom for a while he lodged—O'Connor, his most eloquent champion, the author of *The Good Gray Post*; in another place he drops in a passage touching President Lincoln:

"I had a good view of the President last evening. He looks more careworn even than usual; his face with deep-cut lines, seams, and his complexion grey through very dark skin—a curious looking man, very sad. I said to a lady who was looking with me: 'Who can see that man without losing all wish to be sharp upon him personally?' The lady assented, although she is almost vindictive on the course of the administration (thinks it wants nerve, &c.—the usual complaint). The equipage is rather shabby—horses, indeed, almost what my friends the Broadway drivers would call *old plugs*. The President dresses in plain black clothes, cylinder hat. He was alone yesterday. . . . I really think it would be safer for him just now to stop at the White House, but I expect he is too proud to abandon the former custom."

Later, we find Walt writing: "I have finally made up my mind that Mr. Lincoln

has done as good as a human man could do." In another place he has a pretty reference to two little nieces:

"Mother, you don't know how pleased I was to read what you wrote about little Sis. I want to see her so bad, I don't know what to do; I know she must be just the best young one on Long Island—but I hope it will not be understood as meaning any slight or disrespect to Miss Hat, nor to put her nose out of joint, because Uncle Walt, I hope, has heart and gizzard big enough for both his little nieces, and as many more as the Lord may send."

And here is a picturesque scrap of recollection, addressed in parenthesis in a letter to Mrs. Whitman, to Martha, the wife of his brother Jeff:

"Matty, I send you my best love. Dear sister, how I wish I could be with you one or two good days. Mat, do you remember the good time we had that awful stormy night we went to the Opera, New York, and had the front seat, and heard the handsome-mouthed Guerrabella? and had the good oyster supper at Fulton Market ('pewter them ales!'). O Mat, I hope and trust we shall have such times again."

"We'll have it in a tankard, please," is the colourless English formula. "Pewter them ales!" said the Free Old Hawk, child and prophet of a younger, more idiomatic civilisation.

And here we must leave a kindly book, which although in the main it deals with such a sad subject as the wreckage and sorrow that must ever crowd the wake of a war, is yet a piece of literature to be prized, for it shows us yet deeper into the heart of this bountiful and guileless nature. Well were it for the poor fellows destined to suffer in America's present struggle could Walt Whitman stand beside their beds.

A DUBLIN DOCTOR.

William Stokes: His Life and Work (1804-1878). By his Son, William Stokes. (T. Fisher Unwin.)

WHEN Foley had finished the statue of William Stokes which now stands in the hall of the College of Physicians in Dublin, he said: "I think I have caught the expression of the mouth; it was no easy task to give that mouth!" In the photograph of the statue which forms the frontispiece to this book, one can guess the difficulty, and almost attest the triumph. The figure answers to Stokes's life, as it is here recorded—"His life was gentle." It burned with a gem-like flame; and this marble embodiment, with its bowed head and folded hands, reveals, as Sir William Stokes says, "a spirit that has attained a massive wisdom and almost a gnomic calm, yet can be still enkindled from within, and shake off the sense of the weight and mystery of life and death, of sin and sorrow that threatens to overwhelm it."

William Stokes was born in 1804. He came of good family, and his father, Whitley Stokes, was a Dublin surgeon of some eminence. His boy William was not precocious, nor even promising. He battened

on Scott's Border Ballads, to the neglect alike of games and lessons. But he had a mother. One day lying on the grass asleep he was awakened by her hot tears of regret and doubt falling on his face. It was an awakening from more than physical sleep; thenceforward the youth was strenuous: he plunged into his medical career. Many advantages were his: he had the *entrées* into the best Dublin society; the priceless backing of a kind, a successful, and a popular father. At Edinburgh, whither he went to complete his studies, he came under the magnetic teaching of Prof. Alison: "Alison was the best man I ever knew," he said in after life.

"From nine at night to two or three o'clock in the morning we seem to see this wise and grand physician attended by William Stokes, the ardent youth of twenty-one years of age, as full of love for his just teacher as of zeal for his art, passing through snow and storm down the Cowgate and up the high stairs leading to the topmost flat on some old house in the wynds of Edinburgh, bringing medicine and healing to the dark haunts of poverty and misery, comfort and sympathy to the wounded souls at whose bedside they ministered."

In Edinburgh Stokes published a treatise on the stethoscope, an instrument still new, and, therefore, in the eyes of many, ridiculous. But Stokes saw the value of Laennec's theory of auscultation and percussion, and he made himself master of that now indispensable servant. Thus early in his career—he had not yet qualified for practice—Stokes became something of a pioneer. He remained a mild pioneer all his life; but his name cannot be said to be associated with any discovery which strikes the imagination. In conjunction with Dr. Robert James Graves he introduced opium in the treatment of peritonitis; but only doctors remember the fact. He also improved the system of clinical teaching in Dublin—but how make this eloquent? It is the man himself, not his professional achievement, that shines in these pages. And behind the man, it is not the history of medicine nor the economy of Meath Hospital that next takes our eye; it is the state of Ireland, and the ravages of cholera and famine in Dublin.

One of the most interesting passages in the book is a foot-note in which Sir William Stokes quotes Miss Jane Barlow's account of his father's humane treatment of Clarence Mangan, in the last moments of his life. It is a touching story of the ministration of a doctor to a poet:

"One morning, as Stokes was going his rounds in the Meath Hospital, the porter told him that admission was asked for a miserable looking man at the door. He was shocked to find that this was Mangan, who said to him, 'You are the first who has spoken one kind word to me for many years'—a terrible saying. Stokes got him to a private room, and had everything possible done for him; but not many days after he died. Immediately after death, such a wonderful change came over the face that Stokes hurried away to Sir Frederic Burton, the artist, and said to him, 'Clarence Mangan is lying dead at the hospital. I want you to come and look at him, for you never saw anything so beautiful in your life!' So Sir Frederic came, and made the sketch which is now in the National Gallery. And so, 'suddenly and quietly as the shutting of a glow-

worm's little lamp,' on the 20th of June, 1849, his life went out. Only three persons are said to have followed his body to the grave."

Another of Stokes's contacts with literary men—they were many—is not less interesting. In 1849 Carlyle visited Ireland, and brought an introduction to Stokes, who asked a party of friends—including Drs. Todd and Petrie and Sir Frederic Burton—to meet him. It was not a very happy occasion:

"The impression that Carlyle made on Stokes was the reverse of favourable. His self-assertiveness, intolerance of any opposition to his views, vanity, and unconcealed contempt for everything and everyone in the country in which he was an honoured guest, struck Stokes as being ill-mannered as it was low-bred. He used to say that he had during his life-time met many men who were in every sense of the word *bored*, but that 'Carlyle was hyperborean!' It is not surprising, therefore, that Stokes, whom Carlyle described as being a 'rather fierce, sinister looking man,' became, as the evening wore on, 'more and more gloomy, emphatic, and contradictory,' and we can well believe that after eleven o'clock p.m. Carlyle was 'glad to get away.'"

The love of literature was never more happily allied to the love of medicine than it was in William Stokes. See how they join hands in this story of a cobbler of Carry Breacc, where Stokes had his country seat. The man was in broken health, and had often experienced the doctor's kindness and skill:

"He was fond of reading, and Stokes lent him an odd volume of Scott's novels from time to time. Walking beside him one day on the road Stokes said: 'Well, Denny, what did you think of the last book I lent you?' 'It's a great book intirely, docther, an' Sir Walter Scott's a true historian.' 'I'm inclined to agree with you,' said Stokes; 'but what do you mean exactly by calling him a true historian?' 'I mane, your honour, he's a throe historian, because he makes you love your kind.'"

The amazing thing is that the class which produced a man capable of making this memorable criticism was so sunk in ignorance and superstition that a story like the following is far more typical of its intellectual condition. Stokes, it should be premised, liked to inform himself of the popular remedies believed in by the peasantry. The treatment for epilepsy in South Kerry in Stokes's day was, to say the least, heroic:

"Mr. Bland, of Derrequin Castle, met one of his tenants. 'Well, John,' said he, 'how is the boy?'

'He's well! sir.'

'How did you cure him?'

'I deluded him to your honour's bog.'

'And what did you do to him there?'

'I drowned him, your honour.'

'How was that?'

'I brought him to the edge of your honour's bog-hole and threw him in suddint, and leapt down upon him, and held him under the water till the last bubble was out of him, and he never since had a return of the complaint, glory be to God!'

There is a subtle affinity between this story and that narrated earlier in the book, of the Dublin jobber who sold a diseased cow to the Protestant clergyman of a small parish. Compelled by the clergyman to take back the animal and refund the money,

the man replied: "Don't be angry with me, your reverence, I'm only a lame boy, and have no way of livin' but by strategims!" Thus murder and cheating lost their wickedness among these folk of lame minds and bodies.

The passage in this book which we should select as being the most humanly interesting is contained in a letter which Stokes wrote to his wife. It shows us the inside of a doctor's mind—his private tumults and ghastly regrets:

"My profession is on the whole not a depressing one to most men. Nor does its ordinary routine depress me. But when a death of importance happens, and some busy devil within you whispers that had you done something else the result would have been different, and when such an idea from your own weakness becomes fixed, then there is a misery produced which corrodes one's very vitals. The deaths of George Greene, of Curran, of Davis, and of McCullagh, struck me down heavily, for in my treatment of all these cases I feel something to regret. In many such instances the feeling is a mistaken one, for we fret for not having done that of which we had no knowledge we ought to have done; and if we do our best, why should we be dissatisfied. But still the feeling is irresistible, and comes over one like a winter cloud."

When we remember that the man who wrote these words was a perfectly trained and, by nature, a brilliantly equipped medical man—to whom the highest success came as by right—we shall see that Foley might find it "no easy task to give that mouth."

JEFFREYS RECONSIDERED.

The Life of Judge Jeffreys. By H. B. Irving, M.A. (Heinemann.)

INSENSIBLY, the popular conception of public men is coloured for posterity by the prejudices and predilections of their earliest biographers, and if they have had the misfortune to have been on a losing side and to have exercised the pens of victorious adversaries, then they must suffer for it accordingly for all time. Richard Crookback, as we know him, is the creation of Lancastrian chroniclers, and it is to the jaundice of Whig pamphleteers that Mr. Irving would trace the familiar but distorted features of that other bogey of childhood, "Judge" Jeffreys. Macaulay, Lord Campbell, and the rest who dish up once more the stale scandals of *The Bloody Assizes*, shall be arraigned at last before the bar of veracious history. Mr. Irving is a master of the use of depreciatory epithets; and throughout this interesting biography no opponent, personal or political, of Jeffreys is allowed for a moment to come upon the stage without some damnatory label affixed to his intellect or character, intended subtly to discredit the value to be attached to his evidence. The Norths (Francis and Roger), William Russell and Algernon Sidney, Lady Lisle, and the sufferers of the Western Circuit, each in turn must be bespattered in the interests of their rival or their persecutor. Seen thus, against a

darkened background, instead of against the holy-stoned whiteness ascribed by Whiggish writers to Whiggish martyrs, even the lineaments of Jeffreys are bound, as Mr. Irving calculates, to appear less sable than of yore.

It need hardly be said that a biography of Jeffreys on these lines is extremely entertaining reading. Mr. Irving's ingenuity and audacity are astonishing and full of surprises. His narrative is lucidly and vigorously composed. And, after all, the falsification of portraiture is not serious, the whole design is so transparent. Occasionally, indeed, you have a lurking suspicion that the whole thing is meant as a huge *jeu d'esprit*. If so, Mr. Irving keeps it up uncommonly well, and never winks. He chooses to adopt the rôle of whitewasher. The attempt to make the worse appear the better cause pleases his histrionic and forensic instincts. He gravely lays stress on every trifle which may tell in Jeffreys's favour, and narrates his iniquities apologetically, if the case will strain to an apology, and otherwise without comment. But, after all, he is at bottom a serious historical student. He will put a false colour upon evidence, out of sheer gaiety of mind and delight in his own art; but he will not slur or withhold the evidence itself. Through the thin veils of his interpretative leniency, the bare facts of Jeffreys's career, on which after all history must form its judgment, are revealed clearly enough. And the resultant Jeffreys does not, after all, differ so much from the Jeffreys, say, of Macaulay, as might have been expected. Mr. Irving's substantive modifications in the traditional portrait rarely touch essentials. He proves that Jeffreys when young was more of a gentleman than Roger North cared to allow; he shows that his legal acquirements were not after all so despicable; he blows away some of the more irresponsible charges of vice that have gathered about his name. But he does not effectively minimise the judicial brutality that has made his name a byword; and he brings into a clearer light, if possible, than ever the shameless cynicism with which he sold himself to a foul cause, and prostituted the dignity of the bench to serve the necessities and aims of an unscrupulous and unpatriotic party.

PSYCHOLOGY AND ART.

Outlines of Descriptive Psychology. By George Trumbull Ladd. (Longmans, Green & Co.)

PROF. LADD is known in two very different capacities. He is a synthetic philosopher, who laid down in his *Introduction to Philosophy* a scheme of the philosophical sciences—a project to which his *Philosophy of Mind* and *Philosophy of Knowledge* may be regarded as contributions. On the other hand, he is a psychologist of some reputation, and, as is fitting in an American professor, an enthusiast for his science. His work is less widely known than that of Prof. James, for it has little of its racy humour and aptness of illustration. On the other hand, it is his

peculiar merit that his claim for psychology is more modest than we have been taught to expect from a disciple of Münsterberg. In this work it is peculiarly so, perhaps for the reason that the book is avowedly a text-book. He defines the science as "the systematic description and explanation of the phenomena of consciousness as such"; and though one might object to the word "explanation," we are reassured when we find that the author uses it only in a rough and proximate sense. He is no bigoted champion of the "psychological laboratory" school, and he has the modesty to recognise the limits of his subject. "The ultimate nature of the mind," he says, "the reality of things, and the actuality of those causal relations which every one assumes to exist between things, are subjects for profound philosophical inquiry." Psychology takes the "naïve and common-sense point of view." It deals with an aspect of things; its results are abstract, in so far as they are not the whole truth. And in this recognition of limit lies the value of the science, and we are spared many painful efforts after a dogmatism which would reduce the world to the terms of a fraction of it, and explain away metaphysical theories by a wilful misunderstanding of their import.

But we are less concerned here with a review of Prof. Ladd's work than with a question which the reading of it has suggested. As one of the sources of psychology the author mentions "the artistic delineations of human mental life." "These," he says, "include the drama, poetry, and especially, at present, the novel, or prose romantic composition. All true art requires and displays insight into soul life. It is not, however, the so-called 'psychological' dramas or novels which ordinarily have most of genuine or valuable insight."

The question, indeed, is one which meets us on every hand. Of late years the "objective romance," as it is called, has gone out of critical esteem if not out of popular favour, and the world has gone a hankering after psychology in fiction. In the ordinary romance the chief figure, if he is done with skill, may be revealed to the reader "on the inside," but the other people must be mere shells and fragments. So the psychologically-minded novelist girds up his loins and sets himself to write little essays on each of his characters. If he have the gift of the thing he may analyse motives with a subtlety which is more than their desert, and exhibit simple folk passing through the most dazzling mental gyrations. If he be a novice he is reduced to mere crude invention. But the result in both cases is the same—work which may be clever, scientifically valuable, or even verbally exquisite, but work which is wholly beyond the true purpose of art.

Let us admit at once that there is a good deal of sense in the bitter cry of the psychologist. The first and indispensable requisite in fiction is the emotional or dramatic, but the second postulate—in great fiction at any rate—is that the drama be a spiritual one, and not merely the stirrup-and-bridle affair of the romancer. The psychologist, then, seeks the same end as the artist, but he is misled because he takes the wrong means to attain it.

He will tell you he aims at truth. Well, so does the artist, but there are truths and truths, and between them is a great gulf fixed. There is one truth for science and one truth for art, and this must be recognised. A man may compile a narrative of events from the daily papers, he may be able to give day and hour for every incident, and yet the whole may be crudely and palpably false. A police-court register is truth, even dramatic truth, but it is not the truth of the drama. Let us suppose that a novelist of enterprise and leisure started a psychological laboratory; that he deliberately experimented upon people whom he had chosen for his characters, chronicled their sensations, arrived inductively at some estimate of their mental processes, and set it all down in black and white. It would be extremely interesting from a scientist's point of view. It would be valueless as art unless qualities were added which bore no relation to the psychologist's note-book. But more—and this is the point we would insist on—the art of the thing (supposing the other qualities to be there) would be no whit improved by the elaborate results of the experiment. Truth is art's beginning and end, but it is independent of sums and formulæ. When, in a word, a scene, an action, a man's whole world is epitomised and made immortal—there we have the truth of art. The conflict between the two is the old antithesis between the dead letter and the spirit which lives.

But even the psychologist has his suspicion of a need for the dramatic and emotional, and he seeks to attain them by a careful choice of the *milieu* of his experiments. He runs blindly to the morbid and eccentric, and becomes a pathologist. Drama he certainly finds—of a kind; but he cuts himself further off than ever from the truth of art which "follows the main march of the human affections." "In psychology," says Prof. Ladd, "abnormal and pathological phenomena require expert investigation. Such investigation is often a fruitful source of psychological knowledge. Hence the value of studies in hypnotism, insanity, criminology, idiocy, for the science of psychology." Exactly; the fact of their abnormality being recognised and allowed for, the results can be made use of; but the unhappy novelist, whose genre forbids him to explain the limitations of his work, presents his results, which at the most have only a limited truth for science, as the essential truth of art. Nor is the spectral unreality of it redeemed by the false air of drama.

Art, when all is said, is a suggestion, and it refuses to be explained. Make it obvious, unfold it in detail, and you reduce it to a dead letter. In fiction the men and women who live in memory are not those who are analysed in sets of little essays. Take Major Pendennis, surely one of the most fully known inhabitants of the half-world of art. Thackeray had too much good sense to unfold his character in a chain of analyses; but in that supreme moment when the middle-aged man looks back upon his past, and feels that he is getting too old for wet fields and country houses, and that he has outlived his day—then the whole tragic comedy of

the elderly butterfly's life is laid bare and clear before us. So, to take another instance, it is Scott's failures on whom he writes essays. His intolerable heroes are analysed from the inside as far as he was capable of such fatuity, but who shall say that Redgauntlet, or Monkbarrow, or Baillie Nicol Jarvie, or any one of the immortals, ever suffered such an indignity?

The truth, of course, is where the truth generally is, midway between two schools. On the one hand we demand a spiritual crisis, and on the other we declare that such a crisis cannot be represented for art by any barren analysis. The fashion is in vogue to-day, for a great writer, who has all the shining gifts of the artist, has this alien subtlety to perfection. The result is, that little mimics, who have none of the first and little of the second, ape not the artist's proper qualities, but his adventitious endowments. And when this has been done they defend themselves in the name of art, for "such is the excellent foppery of the world."

HISTORY FOR SCHOOLS.

History of England for the use of Middle Forms in Schools. Part II.: From the Accession of Henry VIII. to the Revolution of 1689. By T. F. Tout, M.A. (Longmans.)

BOTH the writers, to whose collaboration this series is ultimately due, have added far too little to the copious stream of historical literature which pours year after year from almost every press. Prof. York Powell, who wrote Part I. of this series, is a notorious delinquent in this respect—perhaps no man has gained so great a reputation on so little positive performance. But if Prof. Tout does not make haste he will be amenable to the same serious charge. Hitherto, the *Dictionary of National Biography* has claimed a large share of his time. The present volume will not, of course, substantially enhance his fame as an historian. It is too slight and too much on the old familiar lines. But Prof. Tout is also a very successful teacher, and every page of this little book bears the impress of the trained lecturer. Clearness and accuracy of statement we should naturally expect in anything from the author's pen. An especially noticeable point is the stress laid upon Scotch and Irish history. The book is further equipped with a number of useful genealogies, both foreign and English, and with a set of maps which, considering their size and absence of distinguishing colours, may be pronounced almost unrivalled for their clearness. The map of Wales before Henry VIII.'s reforms (p. 135) seems to us an original contribution of considerable value. It very materially alters the ordinary conception of the extent and position of the Welsh Marches. In the letterpress technical terms and names are freely used, but always with careful explanations of their origin or import. We are not left to vague generalities. The facts are carefully chosen, and compactly and skillfully grouped and marshalled. In fact, despite the alleged rapidity of composition,

everything has been done to make the little volume a first-rate text-book of the ordinary type.

We confess, however, that we are thoroughly discontented with the type of text-book from which English history is at present taught. The simple narrative form of treatment tends to give as much space to the small as to the important facts. The endeavour to cover the whole ground leaves no opportunity for the writer to be picturesque or even interesting. If we are to have a mass of facts presented to us, it would be equally enlightening and more useful for reference to find them tabulated in chronological order. Chronology is one thing, and a very important thing; but history is another thing altogether. Chronology in a narrative form is like plum-pudding from which the plums have been omitted. In justice to Prof. Tout, it should be said that he has added as many plums as the particular form of pudding allows. But full chronological tables should be supplementary to a narrative which would centre round crucial facts and periods in the life of a nation. Our ideal would be such as is attained in Mr. Wakeman's admirable *History of the Church of England*. It is a narrative, but it deliberately dwells, in considerable detail, on certain episodes, to the subordination, if not to the actual exclusion, of others of less significance. We are inclined also to resent the old-fashioned method of relegating the amount of constitutional, social, and literary history which seems fit to be inserted, to a separate chapter at the end of each period. It would seem more natural and educative to work these important matters into the texture of the general story; and such a treatment as has just been suggested would give ample opportunity for so doing. As things stand, these by-chapters, which Mr. Green would have called the history of the English people, run the risk of being omitted altogether.

But we do not look to see these ideas carried out at any early date. At present too many people are of the mind of the old Oxford don who met the proposition to found a School of Modern History with the scornful remark that "every gentleman knows history." Until even schoolmasters recognise that history is not merely an interesting branch of literature, but a scientific study, writers of historical text-books must be contented to turn out more or less accurate accounts, couched in strictly narrative form, of the doings of kings and parliaments and armies. Comment and criticism must be present in a strictly subordinate position.

SOME RECENT THEOLOGY.

The Ecclesiastical History of Eusebius in Syriac. By the late William Wright, LL.D., &c., and Norman McLean, M.A. (Cambridge: University Press.)

A WELL-PRINTED book containing a Syriac version of Eusebius' Church History, compiled from a St. Petersburg and a British Museum MS. The variations between this

and the Greek text usually current are few and unimportant, and the fact lends strength to Prof. Wright's conjecture quoted in the Preface, that "these books (he is speaking of this along with some other translations of Greek works) were translated into Syriac in the lifetime of the authors themselves, or very soon after." The regretted death of Prof. Wright occurred before the present volume was ready for the press, but his place has been worthily filled by his old pupil, Mr. McLean. Prof. Merx, of Heidelberg, contributes some valuable notes on the Armenian version, which was itself made from the Syriac and has been collated with the present text throughout.

St. Paul's Epistle to the Ephesians. By Charles Gore, D.D., &c. (John Murray.)

A COMMENTARY ON, or, as the author prefers to call it, a "practical exposition" of the Epistle. Canon Gore thinks that his text was not addressed to the Ephesians specially, but to the churches of Asia, "of which Ephesus was the chief." This epistle is remarkable among other things for the clearness with which it sets forth St. Paul's demonological beliefs — which were, of course, the popular ones of the time — and we therefore turn with interest to the pages in which Canon Gore handles them. He does so in no mincing terms. "There are," he tells us, "invisible rebel spirits. . . . These rebel wills are unseen by us and in most respects unknown, but they organise and give a certain coherence and continuity to evil in the world." And again, "St. Paul has no doubt at all that moral evil has its origin and spring in the dark background behind human nature — in the rebel wills of devils." This is plain speaking, and even if we do not agree with Canon Gore in his theory — for logical proof of which he seems to refer to personal experience only — we must all admire his candour in not fencing with the question. To avow openly so robust a doctrine in an age when, as he here says, "it has become customary to regard belief in devils or angels as fanciful and perhaps superstitious," requires courage which popular preachers do not always exhibit.

Studies in Texts. By Joseph Parker, D.D. (Horace Marshall & Son.)

VERY different from the last-named is this, the first of a series of volumes which will represent the most recent public discourses of this famous Nonconformist preacher, *The People's Bible*, twenty-six volumes of sermons having already been published. In his lecture, *Ad Clerum*, he strikes the keynote of a faith as sturdy as it is sincere:

"To my view, the Bible is a unit. One part belongs to another. One part explains another. . . . The parts of the temple come together most wonderfully, as if proportioned and fitted by the same architect. So wondrous is the effect on my own mind that if any teacher should explain the marvel by saying, 'Holy men of old wrote as they were moved by the Holy Ghost,' I should accept the solution; my reason, my imagination and my heart would unite in exclaiming 'Lo, God is here, and I knew it not; this is none other than the word of God and this is the light of heaven!'"

The secret of Dr. Parker's success as a preacher appears plainly in these simple and direct studies.

Religious Pamphlets. Selected and Arranged by the Rev. Percy Dearmer, M.A. (Kegan Paul.)

HERE we have such well-known works as Knox's *Monstrous Regiment of Women*, Defoe's *Shortest Way with Dissenters*, and Swift's *Abolishing of Christianity* collected in one handy little volume, with an epitome of the Marprelate controversy, and specimens of Prynne and Bastwick's diatribes and of the milder method of Richard Baxter, George Fox, Sydney Smith and John Henry Newman. The following is godly Master Bastwick's account of the clergy of his time:

"And in those good pastors' and ministers' places — they have installed, foysted in and put priests *secundum ordinem diaboli* for the most part, such a generation of vipers, of proud, ungrateful, idle, wicked, and illiterate asses, and such profane scornors of all piety and goodness, and so beastly, lascivious and lecherous as no pretty wench can keep her honesty for them, and men of such conversation for the generality of them as they are not fit for civil society, and fellows so treacherous and perfidious as no man can be secure in their company. . . ."

In a learned and most readable introduction, Mr. Dearmer gives a clear history of religious pamphleteering in general, and of the circumstances under which the particular ones he has chosen came to be written. Here is a sentence worth remembering at a time when a revival of ritual prosecution seems possible:

"The growth of toleration has been very slow, and the belief in it confined at first to those who were persecuted. We cannot credit any sect or party with its possession, except those which never attained to power; we can only be certain that the idea has grown painfully from age to age, leaving each generation a little more tolerant than that which preceded it. Cromwell, for instance, was more genuinely tolerant than Elizabeth, but he could not extend his toleration to Anglicans and Papists; which meant, in fact, that he was tolerant to his fellow-Puritans, and to them only."

A book to be heartily recommended.

Aids to Bible Students. By Various Authors. (Eyre & Spottiswoode.)

IT was a happy thought of the Queen's Printers to reprint this Appendix to their "Variorum" Bible in a separate form. Here the student will find papers on such matters as the different versions of the Old and New Testaments, the Apocrypha, the ethnology of the Bible, and the daily life of the Hebrews and the nations among whom they were cast, together with well-executed illustrations from the monuments, a singularly complete concordance, and a small Bible atlas. The whole volume is more convenient, both in size and price, than the larger one of which it formerly made part, and forms in itself an excellent introduction to the study of Biblical archæology. The names of the Rev. C. J. Ball as editor, and of Profs. Cheyne, Sayce, and Swete among the collaborators, are a guarantee that the work is trustworthy.

THE ACADEMY SUPPLEMENT.

SATURDAY, MAY 21, 1898.

THE NEWEST FICTION.

A GUIDE FOR NOVEL READERS.

THE MACMAHON; OR,
THE STORY OF THE SEVEN JOHNS.

BY OWEN BLAYNEY.

Mr. Blayney informs us that he has sent a copy of his book to the American President, and the American President likes it. What more can author want? In connexion with this information it is amusing to find a character named McKinlay saying, "There's no dalin' wi' the Irish as ordinary mortals." The story is Irish through and through. The date is 1690 and thereabouts, and the book opens on the Battle of the Boyne. Thus does another of the characters speak: "Dthraw the cork, Colonel, if ye please; dthraw the cork this blessed minit; I don't mane on paper, but out av the jar. Be the piper that played afore Moses, I'll back that dthrawin' agin the best copperplate that Petty—a *rogara maddhu ruah*—iver laid down in his Down Survey," and so on. Arrah, but it's a pathriotic buk intoirely. (Constable. 351 pp. 6s.)

THE RENUNCIATION OF HELEN.

BY LEADER SCOTT.

Mr. Lang will not like this book. For why? Because of the Dorset dialect in it. "Well, zir, I were agoin' auver to Wynchford to see poor wold bedridden Harriet Taylor"—that is the kind of thing. But the dialect is only a detail; the story is of quiet, middle-class life, and misunderstandings, love, and self-communings eke it out. Also it has a music-publisher, whose "face gave one an idea of a knobbly pear." We are glad to see the attention of novelists at last drawn to music-publishers; the ordinary variety of publisher has been fair game for long enough. (Hutchinson. 398 pp. 6s.)

THE OLD ADAM AND THE NEW EVE.

BY RUDOLF GOLM.

A translation from the German by Edith Fowler, with an introduction by Mr. Edmund Gosse, showing that Germany hath her New Women no less than England. In the author's own preface (for we come to the author after a while) he says: "I had no intention of writing a novel with a purpose, a 'Tendenzroman'! I wanted to represent the fate of a woman, who, standing at the turning-point of two epochs, experiences in her own person all the tragedy involved in transition." The particular new Eve's name is Kùthe; the old Adam's, Herr von Buggenrieth. (Heinemann. 250 pp. 2s. 6d.)

ONE OF NATURE'S GENTLEMEN.

BY ALEX. SURTESE.

There are tokens that Alex. is a woman. On the first page we meet with a "spaniel dog." There is also a Sir Geoffrey Vane. There is also a house called The Cedars. Furthermore, there is a Lady Victoria Scudamore. And when a man is killed in a point-to-point race it is said of him that "he has gone to meet a greater Judge than any here." This is the last sentence: "'You know,' he added, slapping the man's shoulder good-naturedly, 'we all, sooner or later, have to bow before the shrine of Love.'" (Digby & Long. 321 pp. 6s.)

COUNTESS PETROVSKI.

BY ORME AGNUS.

Here we are offered a peep behind the veil of Imperial politics. A baron and the bewitching countess, intrigue and frustration: these ingredients make up an entertaining story, which the author is at great pains in a dull introduction to persuade us to believe true. As if it mattered! Among the characters is Lord Salisbury, of whose conversational manners this is a specimen: "And now, Mr. Sollache," said the Marquis with a kindly smile, "just one more question—have you dined? . . . Then you shall dine with us. No—no excuses. . . . My valet shall take you to a dressing-room and give you a cup of tea. Dinner is at seven, and I should advise an easy chair and a cigar until that hour." (Ward, Lock. 184 pp. 1s.)

HIDDEN WITCHERY.

BY NIGEL TOURNEUR.

The witchery is hidden under a strange style, and an alleged symbolism. The stories are mostly eighteenth century, but we have scenes like this: "Now the maid appeared, and, drawing forth a cover-table made of ebony inlaid with silver Arabic symbols, set it between us, and put thereon divers dishes; amongst others, pasties of peacocks' hearts and tongues of jays, confections of candied quinces, and pomegranates were brought; and ruddy pomewater, and sugared poperin abed to red roseleaves. All had a luscious flavour, soon cloying the appetite; so that both but toyed with the dainty fare." We are not inclined to do more than toy with Mr. Tourneur's pages. (Leonard Smithers. 244 pp. 4s.)

AS A MAN LIVES.

BY E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM.

Three people, Bruce Deville, Adelaide Fortress, and Mr. Ffolliott, the new curate in charge of a small village, have "pasts." Bruce Deville is unkempt and unapproachable, and takes his dogs about the moor, Adelaide Fortress lives alone on his estate, Mr. Ffolliott trembles, and his daughter, the heroine, wonders and waits. On page 177, her father is saying to her, "Very soon you may know, but not yet—not—yet—." (Ward, Lock & Co. 304 pp. 6s.)

THE WHITE-HEADED BOY.

BY GEORGE BARTRAM.

This is a biography in novel form, the hero being one Edmund Clancy Mullens, a friend of the author, known to him for many years as "Rory." Rory was a character, "ready to cheer and stand by Grattan and Emmett, or to carry a pike at the heels of Lord Edward." A hot-hearted southern Irishman was Rory. He used to say, when he wished to excuse himself, "There must be men of all kinds in this world." (T. Fisher Unwin. 228 pp. 6s.)

TOLD IN THE COFFEE HOUSE.

COLLECTED AND DONE INTO ENGLISH BY CYRUS
ADLER AND ALLAN RAMSAY.

Mr. Adler explains that he heard these stories told in coffee-houses in Constantinople, where turbaned Turks sat cross-legged smoking nargilehs and chibooks, and sipping coffee. When an argument arose someone would try to settle it by relating a story to illustrate his view. Many of the stories are adaptations from Arabic and Persian literature with a new Turkish setting. (Macmillan & Co. 174 pp. 3s.)

DOWN OUR WAY.

BY MARY JAMESON JUDAH.

Nine stories of Southern and Western American character. (Chicago: Way & Williams. 266 pp.)

THE YOUNG QUEEN OF HEARTS.

BY EMMA MARSHALL.

The Queen of Hearts is Princess Elizabeth. Mrs. Marshall has followed history closely, using Mrs. Everett Green's *Lives of the Princesses of England* as her authority. The characters are mostly historical.

THE FOREST LOVERS.

BY MAURICE HEWLETT.

"My story," says the author, "will take you into times and spaces alike rude and uncivil. Blood will be spilt, virgins suffer distresses; the horn will sound through woodland glades; dogs, wolves, deer, and men, Beauty and the Beasts, will tumble each other, seeking life or death with their proper tools. There should be mad work, not devoid of entertainment." There should. (Macmillan & Co. 384 pp. 6s.)

BATES AND HIS BICYCLE.

BY FRED WHISHAW.

This volume, says the author, "possesses neither plot nor moral . . . it appeals only to those men and those women who have fallen off a bicycle." A large constituency! (James Bowden. 133 pp.)

PHILIPPI THE GUARDSMAN.

By T. R. THRELFALL.

A romance of Napoleon's march to Moscow and the tragedy of the Grand Army. (Ward, Lock & Co. 302 pp. 6s.)

THE CHRONICLES OF MR. POTTERSBY. By JAY HICKORY WOOD.

By the author of *The Cricket Club of Red Nose Flat!* (James Bowden. 154 pp.)

SCRIBES AND PHARISEES.

By WILLIAM LE QUEUX.

Mr. Le Queux has turned from great wars and weird adventures to literary London, whereof this story treats. It is dedicated "To my brother 'Vagabonds'—those merry Bohemians," &c. Among Mr. Le Queux's *obiter dicta* we note this: "To the popular author, as to the actor, advertisement is everything in these degenerate days of boom and bunkum." (F. V. White & Co. 304 pp. 6s.)

A MAORI MAID.

By H. V. VOGEL.

When a man's marriage is only *his* marriage, and his love is unreturned, he is face to face with temptation. And if he lives in New Zealand the temptation may be a Maori woman. It was so with John Anderson, who stooped to drink of the cup. "The first taste was passion, the last was punishment and penitence." For details see this story. (C. Arthur Pearson, Ltd. 400 pp. 6s.)

THE LOOMS OF TIME.

By MRS. HUGH FRASER.

The Prologue tells how Spaniards died among the Cordilleras and left their bones and battered helmets in a cave. The story which follows is modern and charming—Mrs. Edmondson, the mysterious passenger on the ss. *Corotari*, fascinates the reader—and in the course of the pleasant love tale the principal characters find the battered helmets and skulls aforesaid. (Isbister & Co. 295 pp. 6s.)

REVIEWS.

The Londoners. By Robert Hichens.
(Heinemann.)

On the title-page of this story Mr. Hichens assures us that it is "an absurdity"; and as it is the business of an absurdity to be absurd, we have no right to complain that it is a farce and not a comedy. Yet there is so much excellent comedy, especially in the first fifty pages, that we cannot help feeling a touch of annoyance when the author lands us into rough-and-tumble farce, and invites us to laugh because a footman, who is an ill-disguised detective, drops aspic into the Duchess's *corsage*. The story may be described as a sort of inverted "Charley's Aunt"; for Chloe Van Adam, being an American *divorcée*—though innocent—and wanting to get into London Society, masquerades as her own husband, while Mrs. Verulam, her friend, wanting to get out of Society, determines to compromise herself with the supposed Mr. Van Adam. For Mr. James Bush has inspired her with a longing for a peaceful country life. Here is an example of Mr. Hichens's frivolous vein. Mrs. Verulam is talking to Chloe, who is in bed. Marriner, the well-informed maid, is reading her pocket *Schopenhauer*:

"Chloe plunged on her pillows so as to get a clearer view of her friend's face, on which she fixed her sparkling, boyish eyes with a merciless scrutiny.

'Ah,' she said, 'now tell me all about him. Who is he? What is he? Where is he?'

Mrs. Verulam clasped Chloe's hand on the quilt softly.

'Chloe,' she said, 'he is a man!'

'I gathered that. Very few women are called James.'

'That's not enough. It is not a christening that makes a man; it is life.'

The faithful Marriner looked up from her pocket *Schopenhauer* with respectful appreciation of this reasoned truth.

'Well, then, what life does he lead?' cried Chloe.

'A life of wholesome labour, of silent communion with the earth—a life devoid of frivolity and devoted to meditation and sheep and bees and things of that kind.'

The conclusion was a little vague, but the intention to praise was obvious, and Chloe was deeply interested.

'Meditation, sheep, bees,' she repeated—'isn't all that what is called small culture?'

'Oh, indeed, there is nothing small about James Bush,' explained Mrs. Verulam. 'Oh no! He is immense, powerful, calm! He is my idea of Agag!'

The faithful Marriner again glanced up. The word 'Anak' trembled upon her well-informed lips, but respect for her mistress held her mum. Only a slight rustle betrayed the thrill of deep learning that ran through her.

'Really!' said Chloe. 'Go on, dear.'

'I met James Bush in the country at a time when I was just beginning fully to feel the emptiness of Society.'

'Emptiness! Oh, how can you!'

'I remember our first meeting so well,' Mrs. Verulam continued with a soft rapture of romance. 'He came towards me with his head in a sort of meat safe, holding in his strong hands the lid of a saucepan, upon which he beat with a wooden spoon with all his might and main.'

Chloe sat up in bed and gasped.

'But why—why was he dressed so?' she asked.

'To protect him in his duties.'

'What duties—among the sheep?'

'No—oh, no! He was swarming bees. Ah, how beautifully he swarms! If only these London creatures who call themselves men could see him!'

'I didn't know one person could swarm alone before. Go on, dear. Did he raise his meat-safe to you?'

'No. He took no notice of me at all, except to tell me to get out of the way. That struck me directly. It was so different from what a London man would do.'

'I should say so. Gracious!'

'It was only afterwards that we talked, and that I learned what a man's life can and should be.'

She glowed tenderly, and Chloe's suspicions were confirmed. She shuffled on the sheet towards her friend, and whispered in her right ear:

'Daisy, you're in love with Mr. Bush!'

Mr. Hichens knows his way about Society, and is quick to note its foibles and its meannesses. Mr. Rodney, the man about town, is excellent; so, too, is the Duchess, who does not mind staying with Mrs. Verulam at Ascot, though she fully intends to cut her when the race week is over. But the boisterous farce of the closing scenes in the palace of the Bun-Emperor is a little disappointing after the admirable comedy of the opening pages.

* * *

Bijli the Dancer. By James Blythe Patton. With Six Illustrations by Horace Van Ruith. (Methuen & Co.)

IN Mr. Patton's romance of Northern India, the mem-sahib, the sporting subaltern, the grass widow, and the dialect-talking British soldier have no share. There is not a single white-face in the book, and scarcely a reference to the British Raj, the shadow of which, however, falls naturally across the story. The author has followed no ancient models, and is to be complimented on his success. The story, untainted by melodrama, is written with what seems to us a complete knowledge of Oriental life and of native Indian customs in all classes. In fact, the Eastern setting of the story leaves nothing to be desired, and, perhaps, not quite enough to the imagination. Mr. Patton's novel is so very Eastern that the Western reader loses his way in it. The Oriental atmosphere will be a little too much for some, and the suspended interest, which is necessary in a work of fiction, is occasionally lost amid the novelty of the surroundings. For *Bijli the Dancer* is not a book to be skimmed. Its fate will be to be read carefully by the curious and to be thrown aside by the superficial, who will be choked off by the Indian names.

The impression left, however, is most creditable to Mr. Patton's talent. He describes the Eastern world he evidently knows so well with singular sympathy and the widest knowledge, and the pictures he gives us are picturesque, striking, and occasionally very pathetic, especially in the murder of Kasim and his lover. The description of Bijli's dance and song before the Nawab is excellently done:

"The torches, which had been raised and lowered in the cadence of the music, were now held on high, and for a moment the instruments were silent. The tall dancer stood forward alone, and a love song of Hafiz burst from her lips in passionate tones, the liquid of the Persian verse pouring in long interlacing harmonies through a melody suggestive of despairing love."

The song itself is prettily rendered from the Persian poet. The following are the first and third verses:

"When I whispered a prayer to entreat
But a glance, 'twas in vain;
When I fell on the path at his feet
I was spurned with disdain.

"As the torch at the dawn sinks its fire
In the breeze's caress,
I await his approach to expire
In the waft of his dress."

The story is simple and the plot slight and natural. Mr. Patton has represented native life as it appears to a European when he is sufficiently saturated in Oriental literature and customs to understand its significance. The human interest is well sustained. Bijli is an artist; the struggle between the love awakened by the Pathan nobleman and her love for her art is well described; her final parting with him is a touching piece of picturesque comedy; the tragic story of Kasim and Mumtaz is dramatically related by Jamiran, the old woman who brought them together. The characters of the Nur Hasan, the headman of Gambira and of Nasrat Ali, his enemy, are well drawn, and the Oriental tact with which the nobleman deals with the two claimants for his assistance is cleverly suggested. As a vivid picture of Indian life, *Bijli the Dancer* deserves the attention which it can hardly fail to attract.

* * * * *

Where the Trade-Wind Blows: West Indian Tales.
By Mrs. Schuyler Crowninshield.
(Macmillan & Co.)

THIS is a collection of short stories of West Indian life, in which the same people and the same places occur repeatedly. The British or American farmer, peon workmen, half-cast women, priests, innkeepers, Spanish doctors, and Scotch traders are some of the company who play parts in the little dramas of the book. "Candace," "A Christmas Surprise," and "Paul's Orange Grove" are variations upon the eternal theme which Mr. Rudyard Kipling used once and for all in his "Without Benefit of Clergy"—the relations of the white man to his informal half-caste wife. The author knows the emotional use of weather and landscape, and there is truth and skill in the use of this dark background to the tragedy of unrequited love.

"A violent rain began to fall while Emmanuel was speaking. The mist began to fade away, for a wind was sweeping down from the mountains and, like a pair of strong hands, was rolling the thick white blanket over and over, leaving the valley bare and green behind. Emmanuel's voice had for accompaniment the scattering patter of great drops of silver; molten bullets they seemed as they dropped upon the broad fan-like banana leaves and bounded thence to the ground."

There is one grim little study in human inconsistency, "Anastasio's Revenge," in which a peon sets out light-heartedly to murder a man who has robbed him, finds him dying of thirst in the bush, tries to save him at the risk of his own life, and nurses him till he dies in his arms. Indeed, it is a charming inconsequent life which Mrs. Crowninshield tells of, a place where every one talks casually of murder and yet loves his neighbour sincerely, the happy home of cock fights, bull fights, anarchy, and easy morals. Most of the tales turn upon irregular love; "Flandreau," for example, is a wonderful and tragic sketch of marriage in the island mode. But some are bits of pure adventure, such as "Willie Baker's Good Sense," and finally there are two delightful studies of children. The "Value of a Banana Leaf" is a faithful account of the disreputable doings of the little Cristina who robbed the thieves of their stolen goods, and the small Tomacito who cried *libertad* all the day; and in "Plumero the Good" we hear of the doings of an island Tom Sawyer, one Little Arnol. Here is the tale of Cristina's soliloquies in the underwood when she is spying on the thieves and pretending to be asleep:

"They strolled up the river bank and came upon the child.
'That girl of Felipe's, the brat!' said Francisco.
'The stocks for thee,' said Cristina to herself.
'How she sleeps! Could she have heard, Francisco?'
'No! If I thought she had heard, I should pitch her into the river.'
'Also the cep', Francisco.' Cristina could think without moving her lips.

'Poor child! The sun is hot,' said Cito Mores. He bent a broad green banana leaf above her head.

'Thou shalt not go into the stocks,' resolved Cristina.
'Mercedes, her mother, is a devil,' said Cito Mores.
'Thou shalt go in the stocks and the cep' also,' whispered Christina.
'The child is also bad; I could not trust her,' said Francisco.
'For thee the cep', the stocks and some lashes on the bare back,' sentenced the listener.

'Not so bad,' argued Cito Mores; 'she bound up my leg when I fell through the bridge at Rojo Piedra.'

'No prison, no lashes; the cep' for only one day,' decided this vacillating judge."

It is a very curious and entertaining collection, full of humour, vigorous narrative, and some power over the pathetic. To be sure, some of the tales lack art, beginning nowhere and ending in the middle; for the author knows the reality of the life better than the tricks of her craft. But, failing the highest technical skill, we would any day choose uncouth wealth before a meagre and barren neatness.

PHYSICAL EXERCISE FOR WRITERS.

THIS is the subject of an interesting article by Mr. Philip G. Hubert, Jun., in *The Bookbuyer*. It is certain that no writer can afford to neglect physical exercise; and in England most writers, we think, are given to it. But there is always a danger of exercising irregularly, as weather or circumstances vary; and in most cases daily exercise could be made more a matter of conscience with advantage. Mr. Hubert writes:

"My friend, Mr. William Blaikie, the well-known lawyer and author of that valuable little text-book, *How to Get Strong and Stay So*, used to preach to me years ago the advisability of exercising with light dumb-bells and punching a leather bag every morning before breakfast in order to counteract the evil effects of desk work in a newspaper office. And for some months, and even years, I did try to give from five to ten minutes every morning—when I happened to think of it—to lifting dumb-bells up and down. I went further. I spent a good many dollars upon a sort of bedroom gymnastic apparatus of straps and weights, warranted to make a new man of whoever used it faithfully for five years. I kept up the prescribed exercises, more or less faithfully, for about a year; whether I became a new man, or a fifth of a new man, I cannot say. My next experiment in this direction was the purchase of what was called a lifting machine, an apparatus that came into vogue at about the same time as blue glass as a sure cure for all our ills, and disappeared about as quickly. Every morning for months I put myself into a sort of harness and lifted enormous weights. The professor of physical culture from whom I bought this lifting machine declared that my strap apparatus was slowly killing me.

'It's a wonder you are alive,' he said, when I told him what I had been accustomed to do.

After a few months of lifting, when I felt that another brick, added to the fifteen or twenty already in the machine, would be equivalent to the camel's last straw, I met another professor who urged me to try his patent rowing machine. He looked at my lifting machine, and declared it was a wonder I was still alive.

All this was a good many years ago, and I still live. Probably each and all of the gentlemen from whom I bought devices for making me a Hercules would declare that it was solely due to their inventions that I have so far escaped the grave. Perhaps they are right. Nevertheless, while it is now ten or fifteen years since I have touched a dumb-bell, or a lifting-machine, or punched a leather bag filled with sawdust, my general health is probably better than it was twenty years ago. At the same time, I am a fanatic believer in exercise. I am quite sure that without lots of walking, life would be a misery to me. Far better give up your dinner than your five-mile walk if you want to be well and keep well, is the result of my twenty years' study of the matter. For a number of years during which I was tied down to city work, my invariable rule, except in very stormy weather, was to walk from my home to my office, which was nearly four miles, and often back again, making eight miles for the day. When in the country I take my regular daily walk at half-past eleven, going five miles before dinner at one o'clock. Then in the afternoon, when the wheeling is good, I supplement this with eight or ten miles on the

wheel. In hot weather the regular walk is given up in favour of sailing and a surf bath, with wheeling in the afternoon.

By walking, I mean walking, not sauntering. Slow walking is the most exhausting and demoralising apology for exercise I know. In my humble judgment the daily walk for a man of average strength should not exceed six miles in distance, and should be done inside of an hour and a half. The pace must be brisk enough to set the blood a-going and the lungs pumping. It was Mr. Bryant who first called my attention, or, as I have mentioned Mr. Bryant, let me say 'directed,' my attention to the value of walking—he never allowed the use of 'called' for 'directed'; it was one of the words in the *Index Expurgatorius* that he prepared for the use of writers upon the *Evening Post*. Mr. Bryant practised what he preached. I have in my scrap-book the following letter:

New York, March 30, 1871.

To Joseph H. Richards, Esq.

MY DEAR SIR,—I promised some time since to give you some account of my habits of life, so far at least as regards diet, exercise, and occupations. I am not sure that it will be of any use to you, although the system which I have for many years observed seems to answer my purpose very well. I have reached a pretty advanced period of life without the usual infirmities of old age, and with my strength, activity, and bodily faculties generally, in pretty good preservation. How far this may be the effect of my way of life, adopted long ago and steadily adhered to, is perhaps uncertain.

I rise early; at this time of the year about half-past five; in summer, half an hour or even an hour earlier. Immediately, with very little encumbrance of clothing, I begin a series of exercises, for the most part designed to expand the chest and at the same time call into action all the muscles and articulations of the body. These are performed with dumb-bells, the very lightest, covered with flannel; with a pole, a horizontal bar, and a light chair swung around my head. After a full hour, and sometimes more, passed in this manner, I bathe from head to foot. When at my place in the country, I sometimes shorten my exercises in the chamber, and going out, occupy myself for half an hour or more in some work which requires brisk exercise. After my bath, if breakfast be not ready, I sit down to my studies till I am called.

After breakfast I occupy myself for a while with my studies, and then, when in town, I walk down to the office of the *Evening Post*, nearly three miles distant, and, after about three hours, return, always walking, whatever be the weather or the state of the streets. In the country, I am engaged in my literary tasks till a feeling of weariness drives me out into the open air, and I go upon my farm or into the garden and prune the fruit trees, or perform some other work about them which they need, and then go back to my books. I do not often drive out, preferring to walk.

—I am, sir, truly yours,

W. C. BRYANT.

When the elevators in the *Evening Post* building broke down and all the employees upon the editorial departments of the paper had to climb nine flights of stairs several times every day, Mr. Bryant was the only one who did not groan over the hardship. He thought so little of climbing to the top of the building, even at the age of eighty-three, that unless the elevator was waiting when he arrived he would trot, not walk, up the whole nine flights, and this after his three-mile walk from home. . . .

For those unfortunates who do not know how to walk and will not learn, walking being a lost art to most of us Americans, and especially to our women, and for those to whom rowing and riding are out of the question, the dumb-bells, the parallel bars, and the punching bag recommended by all teachers of gymnastics, are of course excellent and perhaps absolutely essential to all men who would keep their bodies in condition for good work. A bedroom gymnasium is the easiest thing in the world to fit up. Two small cleats screwed into the jambs of a doorway will support a bar at such a height that a person can get arm exercise by raising the body up till the chin reaches the bar. From a small hook in the ceiling can be suspended a leather bag filled with sawdust for punching or boxing purposes. Ten or fifteen minutes' work with a good heavy bag, and then a cold bath, might suffice for the morning exercise of most people. The arrangement of weights attached to straps running over pulleys can be bought anywhere, and, according to experts, offers an admirable exercise for developing the arms and chest. The fact that one exercises sufficiently every day to set the whole body in a tingle, the lungs pumping and the blood coursing, is probably of more importance than the particular kind of exercise. The great advantage of walking and wheeling or all bedroom gymnastics is to me that the outside air is better, that there is apt to be more mental recreation in a walk than in dumb-bells in one's bedroom, where the air may not be pure, and where the scenery is certainly not stimulating."

"NUMBER THREE."

THE editor of the *Conservator*, a paper published in Philadelphia to the glory of Walt Whitman, welcomes poems after the manner of Whitman, and, no doubt, "Number Three," by Mr. Crosby, was very welcome to the *Conservator's* readers:

"Here I am in the station lunchroom, standing at the counter and eating what supper I may while our locomotive is drinking at the pump.

I have my eye on the thickset greybearded conductor perched on a stool opposite me, for I know that I am safe so long as he does not move.

In his blue cloth and brass buttons, and with the carnation in his buttonhole, he is as dignified as an admiral, and far more useful.

He is talking with the girl who waits on him, but there is a quiet reserve and sense of strength beneath the surface which show that he feels the panting of his iron charge outside.

He and the girl are on an easy footing, as befits co-operators in the great work of transportation.

I like the pride and comradeship of these railroad people.

Even the women who were washing car windows at the Grand Central Station this afternoon seemed conscious of a joint interest in the whole line and of the fact that these were no common panes of glass.

The newsboy on the way up stalked through the train as if it was his quarterdeck, and he was acknowledged by the conductor and brakemen as a man of consideration.

Their looks seemed to say, We are members one of another.

A whistle sounds from the north. 'There's "Number Three,"' whispers to her neighbour the aproned damsel who presides over my repast—and she quietly glides to the door.

I follow her, fearing unreasonably that my portmanteau may somehow go off without me.

I am just in time to see the dazzling headlight of the Western Express burst forth from the cutting with a thundering roar like a mad monster in a nightmare.

The bell on the engine rings out deafeningly, the platform fairly shakes, and the rush of wind almost carries away my hat.

There is a glimpse of the glowing faces of the engineer and the fireman at their volcanic hearth.

The heavy mail cars and then the unwieldy sleepers, giving gleams of electric light and upholstery, plunge by us into the darkness.

On the last platform I see a trainman waving his handkerchief at me above the bloodshot bull's-eye lamp in the rear.

But no, it is for the girl, whom I had well-nigh forgotten.

She waves her napkin and looks smiling after the apparition until it is swallowed up in the night like a stone in a black pool.

Now she is again in her place at the counter.

In a half-minute she has contributed her share of sentiment to 'Number Three' and to the great iron system of which it forms a part.

She has helped knit together the numerous band of the comrades of the road.

What would not Wagner have given could he have chained this dragon, 'Number Three,' with its rush and roar and romance, to his art?

It is our turn now to dash along, ponderous and rumbling, to the north.

The conductor has descended from his pinnacle and I follow him out to the train.

I am proud to be borne on my way by these railway workers and to be fed by them, though the eggs be hard and the doughnuts harder.

As I sit in my seat, looking out at the shadows flying by, I wonder why we cannot run our world as they do theirs.

We only need the same *esprit de corps*, which, when exalted and extended, we call religion.

Is our orbit less worthy of it than the steel rails of the Central Road?"

SATURDAY, MAY 21, 1898.

No. 1359, New Series.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

	YEARLY.	HALF-YEARLY.	QUARTERLY.
	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
If obtained of a Newsvendor or at a Railway Station . . .	0 13 0	0 6 6	0 3 3
Including Postage to any part of the United Kingdom . . .	0 15 3	0 7 8	0 3 10
Including Postage to any part of France, Germany, India, China, &c.	0 18 0	0 9 0	0 4 6

THE ACADEMY is published every Friday morning. Advertisements should reach the office not later than 4 p.m. on Thursday.

The EDITOR will make every effort to return rejected contributions, provided a stamped and addressed envelope is enclosed.

Occasional contributors are recommended to have their MS. type-written.

All business letters regarding the supply of the paper, &c., should be addressed to the PUBLISHER.

Offices: 43, Chancery Lane, W.C.

NOTES AND NEWS.

AS we go to press the mind of the civilised world is in that bedroom over the terrace at Hawarden Castle where Mr. Gladstone lies dead. More than once he snatched moments from a busy life to be kind to us—to this journal. He gave the ACADEMY, it will be remembered, a ready permission to publish a curious little chapter of his autobiography as a book-collector. Now and again it was our privilege to send him new books which we thought might interest him—not without trepidation, lest this gleaner and gladiator in so many fields should consider such attentions supererogatory. But no! He was always grateful, always ready to say how he was sure he would profit by such and such a book. He is dead:

“Nothing is here for tears, nothing to wail
Or knock the breast; no weakness, no contempt,
Dispraise, or blame; nothing but well
and fair,
And what may quiet us in a death so noble.”

MR. GLADSTONE has published books and pamphlets for sixty years, and the list which appears under his name in the British Museum Catalogue fills twenty-two pages. It must be understood, of course, that many of these entries are republished speeches, and that many more represent replies to and attacks on Mr. Gladstone by his opponents in Church and State. Mr. Gladstone's purely literary works are not very numerous. The list is, roughly, as follows:

Studies on Homer and the Homeric Age, 1858.
Eccle Homo (critique on Prof. Seeley's work), 1868.

Juventus Mundi: the Gods and Men of the Homeric Age, 1869.

Homeric Synchronism: an Enquiry into the Time and Place of Homer, 1876.

Gleanings of Past Years. At intervals during the last few years.

Landmarks of Homeric Study, 1890.

The Impregnable Rock of Holy Scripture, 1890-92.

A Translation of Horace, 1894.

Butler's Works (edited), 1896.

Studies Subsidiary to the Works of Bishop Butler, 1896.

Mr. Gladstone's first book, *The State in its Relations with the Church* (1838) was reviewed by Macaulay in the *Edinburgh Review*.

MR. G. W. CABLE's first reading, in Mrs. Barrie's drawing-room, last Tuesday afternoon, delighted his audience. To be accurate, it was not a reading at all, but a dramatic recitation, in the late Mr. Brandram's manner; but Mr. Cable allows himself a greater latitude in emotion and gesture. It was his own work he recited (scenes from *Dr. Sevier*); he felt it strongly, and he communicated the thrill to his audience. For properties Mr. Cable allowed himself a book and a handkerchief, and he used them only for the Widow Riley—the book as a fan, the handkerchief for her Irish tears. The text itself was in the author's head. Neat, sincere, and gay is his literary style; neat his manner; and neat, intimate, and mobile is his method of delivery. He passes easily from the lightest of light comedy to the imminent tragedy of battle. But best of all his characters he loves to put on the flexible, caressing voices that go with the short-stepping nimble movements of his own Creoles. Mr. Cable's rendering of the quaint, cunning utterances of the matchless Narcisse was comedy at its best, and “Mary's Night Ride” was admirable narrative tragedy. In fact, the hour and a half's traffic with *Dr. Sevier* called up so many delightful reminiscences that at least one of the audience went away hot-foot to the Kensington bookshops. But none of them had *Dr. Sevier* in stock, or, indeed, any of Mr. Cable's books; which must be remedied. Perhaps some publisher will give us Mr. Cable's works on the Edinburgh Stevenson model.

In appearance Mr. Cable is slim and slight, with a high, broad forehead. He wears a bristling gray moustache, and might be mistaken for a military man were it not for the sensitive play of expression of his features. Not the least interesting incident of the afternoon was his rendering of a story told by a Creole woman to a child, and his crooning of a Creole song.

ALL who care for fine literature and fine acting should make a note of the two other readings Mr. Cable will give in London—at Bay Tree Lodge, Farnham, to-day (Saturday), and at 88, Portland-place, next Wednesday.

CRITICS rarely disagree so thoroughly as do the reviewers of the *Spectator* and the *Daily Chronicle* in dealing with Mr J. C. Tarver's recent book, *Debatable Claims: Essays on Secondary Education*. These gentlemen do not even agree on the title of the book, for whereas the *Chronicle* reviews it under the above title, the *Spectator* calls it *The Debatable Land*. And their judgments on Mr. Tarver's work conflict curiously:

THE SPECTATOR.

“It may be doubted whether during recent years there has been published a more important or suggestive book dealing with secondary education than this volume of essays by Mr. Tarver.

Apart from the importance of the subject matter, the style will be found specially attractive.

Mr. Tarver has opinions of his own, and does not hesitate to give expression to them.

There is something very like ‘the vanished hand’ of Matthew Arnold in such a passage as this, which appears in the ‘Epistle Dedicatory’ to Archdeacon Sinclair . . .

This divergence of opinion is but another proof of the way in which Education sets the educated by the ears.

THE CHRONICLE.

Mr. Tarver is an unhelpful writer.

As shingle is distressing to the feet of the walker, so is Mr. Tarver's style distressing to the mind of the reader.

Of definite suggestions, of even a presentment of existing needs, he is singularly chary.

The ‘Epistle Dedicatory’ (the very term ‘epistle dedicatory’ sends a shudder of apprehension through the reader's frame) opens in most alarming fashion. . . . It is simply terrible. It is like bad soup.”

TOWARDS the end of the annual dinner of the Royal Literary Fund last Tuesday (the 108th anniversary dinner) there was a breath of wind that blew a little colour into a cheek or two. The Duke of Devonshire, who is clearly not an omnivorous reader of Belles Lettres or of our Fiction Guide, said in his speech that in art and literature we were not further advanced than the men of 2,000 years ago; or to quote his own words:

“I am tempted to ask the elementary question, Why should the writing of books be encouraged, and the demand for modern literature be stimulated? But a clear and broad distinction may be drawn between science on the one hand, and art and literature on the other. It may be that modern brains are better than those of old times, but science at least is progressive, and new methods and increased certitude and accuracy have assuredly been obtained. The knowledge of the forces of nature is ever increasing, and the limits of the science of the future can by no forecast be determined. The same thing, probably, cannot be said of literature and art, and it may be that we are no further than the men of 2,000 years ago.”

As there were many friends of modern authors, and students of Shakespeare, Dante, Velasquez, and Rembrandt present, it can well be believed that this utterance provoked

some dissenting cries. The incident passed; but the noble chairman remembered, and when some hours later he responded to Lord Crew's excellent speech proposing his health, the Duke referred with considerable animation to the cries of dissent, and repeated the charge, but he hedged a little about the period. The 2,000 years dropped to 1,000, and then hopped back to 2,000. The final phrasing was 2,000 or 1,000.

THE best comment on Mr. Bryce's speech concerning the need for cheap literature, at the Booksellers' Dinner, comes from a Birmingham firm. "Mr Bryce," writes our correspondent, "spoke of a general lowering of prices; it is instructive to note that his *Holy Roman Empire* was first issued at 6s. The second edition was 9s.; the third, 7s. 6d.; and this was followed by a library edition at 14s."

A REMARKABLE piece of editing reaches us from Christiana: the first of a series of commentaries upon English books chosen for use as school readers. The work to which this honour has fallen is Thackeray's *Book of Snobs*, and the editor is Mr. H. Eitrem, for whose desire to be thorough we have nothing but praise. In aiming, however, at thoroughness he has fallen into temptation, and the result is the most extraordinary collection of unnecessary fact and fancy. Thackeray, for example, in chapter iii., refers to a marchioness who in her memoirs complains of being brought into contact "with all sorts and conditions of people." The note is: "*All Sorts and Conditions of Men* is a novel by Besant. This current expression is borrowed from the Book of Common Prayer," and so on. In the same chapter Thackeray mentions Pall Mall. "Pall Mall," says the note, runs "from Haymarket to Trafalgar Square." Similarly, Baker-street is said to run "from Regent's Park to Hyde Park."

In chapter xi. Thackeray alludes to "Noah in his cups." Mr. Eitrem explains: "i.e., drunk." And when at the end of the same chapter Thackeray speaks of "poor old Polly Rabbits, who has her thirteenth child," the young Scandinavian is informed that "rabbits are very teeming animals." "Diddlesex" is a "pun upon Middlesex very often found in Thack's works." (Thackeray, by the way, is always Thack., such is the editor's hurry.) "Sir West," a mysterious authority from whom quotations now and then are made, turns out to be Sir Algernon West, just as the "Mr. Leslie" who married Thackeray's second daughter turns out to be Mr. Leslie Stephen. A "gig whip" is explained to be "a whip used in driving a gig." We have, it is true, picked out deliberately some of the less sensible notes, but the book, though informing enough now and then, is a good specimen of hyper-editing.

CONTINUING her pleasant, gossiping introductions to her father's novels, in the new Biographical Edition of Thackeray, which Messrs. Smith & Elder are issuing, Mrs. Ritchie this month tells the story of

Pendennis. Here is a passage relating to that book's beginnings, taken partly from a letter from the author to his mother:

"My father proposes 'to go to the sea, or somewhere where he could work upon *Pendennis*, which is to be the name of the new book. In October you will be at Brighton,' he continues. 'I wonder whether you will take a house with three extra rooms in it, so that we could stow into it coming down. I should think for £60 a year one might easily find such a one. As for the dignity, I don't believe it matters a pinch of snuff. Tom Carlyle lives in perfect dignity in a little £40 house at Chelsea, with a snuffy Scotch maid to open the door, and the best company in England ringing at it. It is only the second or third chop great folks who care about show. "And why don't you live with a maid yourself?" I think I hear somebody saying: Well, I can't. I want a man to be going my own messages, which occupy him pretty well. There must be a cook, and a woman about the children, and that horse is the best doctor I get in London; in fine, there are a hundred good reasons for a lazy, liberal, not extravagant, but costly way of life.'"

Mrs. RITCHIE tells us that she can remember the morning on which her father told of the death of Helen Pendennis: "My father was in his study in Young-street, sitting at the table at which he wrote. It stood in the middle of the room, and he used to sit facing the door. I was going into the room, but he motioned me away. An hour afterwards he came into our school-room, half-laughing and half-ashamed, and said to us: 'I do not know what James could have thought of me when he came in with the tax-gatherer just after you left, and found me blubbering over Helen Pendennis's death.'"

JUST at this moment the most illustrious periodical in the world is the *School Budget*, a tiny and infrequent sheet circulating among the scholars of Horsemondon School, in Kent. A week ago it was not heard of; to-day a copy is worth its weight in platinum, and all because Master Medhurst and Master Chinnery, its owners and editors, had the happy thought to write to Mr. Rudyard Kipling for a contribution.

THE story, as told by the *Daily Mail*, is that the editors sent a copy of their magazine to Mr. Kipling, drawing his attention to an article on "Schoolboy Etiquette" in its pages, and asking for a contribution. Their rate of remuneration, they explained, was threepence per page; and, says our contemporary, this quotation seeming to have touched their consciences for the moment, they went on to observe that they knew they ran the risk of being considered cheeky, but he ought to make good his statement:

"The song I sing for the good red gold
The same I sing for the white money;
But best I sing for the clout o' meal,
That simple people given me."

In case Mr. Kipling should not be amenable to argument and reasoned appeal, the editors undertook to stifle his next book in its birth by an adverse critique in the *School Budget*.

EITHER the threat was too much for Mr. Kipling, or he had hints on schoolboy etiquette which had only been awaiting such an opportunity of publicity, for he replied at once. This was his letter:

"Capetown,
Easter Monday, 1898.

To the Editors, *School Budget*.

GENTLEMEN,—I am in receipt of your letter of no date, together with copy of the *School Budget*, February 14; and you seem to be in possession of all the cheek that is in the least likely to do you any good in this world or the next. And, furthermore, you have omitted to specify where your journal is printed and in what county of England Horsemondon is situated.

But, on the other hand, and notwithstanding, I very much approve of your 'Hints on Schoolboy Etiquette,' and have taken the liberty of sending you a few more, as following:

(1) If you have any doubts about a quantity, cough. In three cases out of five this will save you being asked to 'say it again.'

(2) The two most useful boys in a form are (a) the master's favourite, *pro tem.*, (b) his pet aversion. With a little judicious management (a) can keep him talking through the first half of the construe, and (b) can take up the running for the rest of the time. N.B.—A syndicate should arrange to do (b's) imposts in return for this service.

(3) A confirmed guesser is worth his weight in gold on a Monday morning.

(4) Never shirk a master out of bounds. Pass him with an abstracted eye, and at the same time pull out a letter and study it earnestly. He may think it is a commission for some one else.

(5) When pursued by the native farmer, always take to the nearest ploughland. Men stick in furrows that boys can run over.

(6) If it is necessary to take other people's apples, do it on a Sunday. You can then put them inside your topper, which is better than trying to button them into a tight 'Eton.'

You will find this advice worth enormous sums of money, but I shall be obliged with a cheque or postal order for 6d., at your earliest convenience, if the contribution should be found to fill more than one page.—Faithfully yours,
RUDYARD KIPLING."

And now there is not a post but brings Mr. Kipling a request for a contribution from some school-boy editor; and cheek is enormously on the increase.

In the new part—No. XI.—of Mr. Quaritch's Dictionary of English Book-collectors, Sir Richard Burton is reached. He is treated, however, less as book-collector than book-man. "True," says the writer, Mr. Herbert Jones, "he collected, but he had little, if any, interest in the book for its outward and visible points, whether of value, rarity, beauty, or condition. Its contents and its contents only—in so far as they were important to the thousand and one subjects of thought and action, that his many-sided and accomplished mind was ever concerned with—were the sole credentials that secured a book a place on his shelves. The most sumptuous book was little or nothing to him if it yielded no new facts or fancies. The most unpretentious volume was given the minutest attention if it held something either new or true, that would in due course be serviceable. In short, books were Burton's tools."

MISS JOURDAIN sends us the following :

"JOHN KEATS.

He should have lived where through a June
of nights
The lifting moon whitens the ashen grass,
And quiet ponds where lie the tasselled
lilies;
Where a fluting Satyr with a golden beard
Plays to the birds his double pipe of the
woods,
Urging their answer; and through the forest
breathing
Runs the old smell of cypress and of laurel,
That would redeem his quiet mind, and quite
Obliterate the sense of foregone pain!"

AN ingenious publisher's enterprise takes an ingenious form in connexion with a novel which he has recently issued. By welding sentences from eight independent reviews of this work he has produced, as an advertisement, the following concise encomium :

"This remarkable book, this powerful study (1), is vibrant with life all through (2). The conception is finely carried out and with a master hand (3). At times the rhythm and beauty of the language reach a very high level (4). Mr. ——— is a brilliant artist; he is original, cultured, witty; he has tremendous power in the differentiation of character (5). The rogue ——— is excellently drawn; indeed, there is much admirable work in the book (6). The whole narration is clothed in language studded with luminous metaphors, thought-compelling epigrams, and haunting snatches of song (7). The story is a notably powerful and fascinating one (8)."

From the index to the numerals, which the publisher appends, we discover, with a little start, that the first few words are from our own criticism. The others are from the *Chronicle*, the *St. James's*, the *Pall Mall Gazette*, the *Daily Mail*, the *Scotsman*, the *Echo*, and the *Glasgow Herald*.

At any rate, this latest method is an improvement on the old practice of doctoring reviews, in order to arrive at pure eulogy. Praise by elision, it might be called. A reviewer, for example, would write of a book: "It is, in short, intolerable. Anything less winsome, tender, humane than Mr. Blank's method is not to be imagined." Opening an advertisement of the book a day or so later, he would read: "What the *Censor* says of Mr. Blank's new novel: 'It is . . . winsome, tender, humane.'"

A WELL-KNOWN publisher entitles his catalogue of historical and biographical works "History, Biography, and other Essays in Veracity." "Essays in Veracity" is good. It suggests the dominance to which fiction has arrived in modern letters.

MR. RICHARD HARDING DAVIS, the American novelist and descriptive writer, who has gone to Cuba in the interests of the *Times*, the *Boston Herald*, and the *New York Herald*, submitted, before he left, to be photographed in his war paint. Some idea of the paternal solicitude shown by American journalists in their illustrious comrade may be gathered

from the comments on this picture in various papers. One wrote :

"In this picture Dick is as impressive as a golf hero and as haughty as Emperor Bill. He wears a bicycle cap and is armed with a field glass and a quiver of Fabers. Leather-covered flasks are attached to his belt, to encourage his descriptive powers when his adjectives run low and facts are scarce. It seems to us that copies of this picture ought to be presented to all the volunteers before they leave for the front, in order that Valor may be inspired to break its own record. In our humble judgment, it is worth an army with banners."

Said another :

"He has had his picture taken in all his new togs, including a golf cap, high laced boots, two pairs of spy-glasses—one for the Spaniards and one for the Americans—a pistol, a blouse that doesn't fit, trousers ditto, and a double turn-down collar. He is filled with determination and courage too, so there is no room for bullets."

And yet a third :

"'El Capitan' is a Sunday-school superintendent beside him. If he were cut up into small pieces he would furnish the insurgents with arms and equipments for a whole winter. A canvas shooting-jacket, bristling with cartridges and composed principally of pockets is the imposing basis of the composition, and a pair of toy opera glasses and a huge revolver which sags him down violently to the left, help to complete the picture. It may be ungracious to criticise such a work of art, but it would be interesting to know how Mr. Davis proposes to extract that revolver from under his armpit. And those high shooting-boots! We do hope that he has some easy carpet slippers in his 'man's' charge. The Cuban climate is very warm. However, the redoubtable reporter looks formidable enough, and we make no doubt that there will be a terrific inkshed when he reaches the front."

Who would not be a public figure on "the other side" ?

FOR some little while not much has been heard of the genial cosmopolitan who wrote the ballads of Hans Breitmann. But Mr. Leland, though in his seventy-fourth year, has not been idle. On the contrary, he has ready several volumes : a collection of Tuscan tales on the lines of his *Legends of Florence*; a collection of new poems to be called "Songs of Sorcery and Ballads of Witchcraft"; a collection of new and translated sketches to be called "Wayside Wanderers"; a new work on the minor arts; a manual to be called "The Simplest Musical Instruments and How to Make Them"; an essay on self-hypnotism, to be called "Have You a Strong Will?"; and last, but not least, a collection of countryside legends concerning Virgil. Mr. Leland's industry would start a young publishing firm.

BUNYAN's allegory has already a range of popularity of which the sturdy tinker who wrote it could, with all his imagination, never have dreamed; but new conquests are in store for it. At the Missionary Breakfast of the Religious Tract Society which was held a few days ago, Mr. J. R. M. Stephens, a missionary on the Congo, described his field of labour as one in which

they had no literature, but he hoped ere long to come to the Society with a petition for the publication of the *Pilgrim's Progress* in the language of the people.

THE first of the four volumes of Huxley's *Scientific Memoirs*, which has just reached us from Messrs. Macmillan, shows what a vast undertaking this publication is. The work, which Prof. Michael Foster and Prof. Ray Lankester are editing together, has been undertaken at Messrs. Macmillan's own expense, as a contribution by that firm, which had such intimate relations with Prof. Huxley, to the Huxley memorial. The first volume runs to 600 pages, and is a veritable mine of wealth to the biologist. A portrait of Huxley taken in 1857 serves as a frontispiece, and it is interesting to notice how little his face changed during his after life. Save that the hair is darker it is precisely the Huxley of his old age that confronts one in this picture.

THE covers of the little history of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, which reaches us from the *Times* office, are interesting for their border of portraits. Here we see Mr. Lang and Prof. Max Müller side by side, all their differences over for the moment; and Mr. Swinburne resting placidly between Sir Robert Ball and Dean Farrar.

PRISONERS would seem to be either very quick readers or very impatient critics. The following passage to the point is from a long letter to the *Chronicle* by Mr. J. W. Hobbs, of *Liberator* fame :

"One Saturday afternoon, in June, 1895, while confined in my cell at Portland, I was reading Thiers' *Consulate and Empire*, when I heard my next-door neighbour knock at the iron sheeting which formed the partition between the two cells and say, 'Can you recommend me a good devotional book?' Being suddenly taken off my guard, and not thinking of the strict enforcement of the rules against communication between prisoners, I replied, 'Read Farrar's *Life of Christ*.' Soon after—it must have been about half-past four—my neighbour knocked again and said, 'Can you recommend me another?'"

There is a choice of two deductions to be drawn from this haste.

PROF. JULIEN VINSON has just finished and published (Paris: Maisonneuve) the second portion of his *Essai d'une Bibliographie Basque*. Some ninety Basque works have been published since 1891; but the chief additions to Prof. Vinson's book are the list of over 300 works in which references to or citations from the Basque occur, and sixty-six pages of similar references to *journaux et revues*. The work is crowned by the Institute, and is indispensable to every student of the language and literature of the Basques.

"LANOE FALCONER'S" absorbing little story, *Mademoiselle Ixe*, has just been re-issued by Mr. Fisher Unwin at sixpence. The old Pseudonym Library type has been retained, but the page has been broadened. Possibly Mr. Unwin intends to reprint all the Pseudonym successes.

BETWEEN THE MOUNTAINS AND
THE SEA.

BY SIR LEWIS MORRIS.

In mirk and mist and petulant rain
Thick-swathed, our sordid London lay;
White fogs obscured the Midland plain
Thro' all the drear November day.

But with swift eve, the sinking sun
Smote the Welsh hills, and suddenly—
The spite, the frown of Winter done,—
Again the blue unclouded sky.

And with the morn the impatient light
Streamed through the blinded cells of sleep;
And as the calm hours broadened bright
Brought azure sky and sapphire deep.

Great Heaven, how beautiful a way
My happy fate prepares for me,
Who journey all this perfect day
Between the mountains and the sea!

We leave behind the ancient town,
The castle's flawless circuit tall,
Thin turrets like a mural crown
Lighting broad tower and sombre wall.

Sheer from the far, surrounding sea
Rise the precipitous heights of Lleyen;
The palaced groves of Anglesey
Light the salt stream which glides between.

Moel and the great twin brethren high,
Eryri queen of upper air,
Against the blue autumnal sky
A throng of Titans dread yet fair.

Unveiled from base to summit all,
Bare russet fern and golden wood,
Grey rocks, the skyward climbing wall,
The fall that wakes the solitude.

The close-fenced fields, the wandering sheep,
White on the mountain's giddy brow
And nestling near the quarried steep,
Village and chapel far below.

And see the dark procession come,
Slow on the sunlight highway sped,
Which bears to his eternal home,
With hymns, some village worthy dead.

And every word that you shall hear,
And all the mournful measures sung,
Breathe the old Cymric accents dear,
The deathless, unforgotten tongue.

Turn from the mountains to the sea,
The tranquil blue, where on the skies,
Faint as a phantom-isle might be,
The hallowed heights of Bardsey rise.

The calm sea ripples on the sand,
The stormy deeps are lulled to rest,
A soft breeze, breathing from the land,
Dispers in mist each fairy crest.

Long miles upon the perilous verge
The swift train hurries on its way,
The white gulls swoop; from surge to surge
The dusky cormorants dive and play.

The hills recede, till lo! again
Perched on its rock the tiny town,
High on the lonely seaward plain
Harlech's unshattered ramparts frown.

The rude-built, massive homesteads grey,
Walled fields, low stacks by ropes confined,
Tell of the impending furious day
Which wings with snow the whirling wind.

And then again a rival band
Of giant summits shuts the view,
Cader, Arennig, Aran, stand
Stern sentinels against the blue.

Then thy sweet vale, Dolgelley—where
Is any lovelier?—oak-crowned isle,
Blue river, mounting woodside fair,
The golden valley's tranquil smile;

Not Como nor Lugano hold
Depths of clear azure more divine,
Nor treasure of autumnal gold,
Nor guardian mountains grand as thine.

And then again the land-locked sea,
The little port, the ribbed sea-sand,
The white winged squadrons circling free
Above the channels in the strand.

Fair Mawddach's charm is mine again!
Sweet Dovey dost thou claim to pour
A tide less lovely to the main
Than glides by Barmouth's sand-vexed shore?

Nay, nay, I fear to award the crown
Of natural beauty. Both are fair:
These high hills somewhat gentler grown,
These richer meads, this softer air.

Then once again the marshy plain,
The sandy dunes, the half-hid blue,
The sea-beat town, which woos the main,
The academic halls, which grew

Swift as the Caliph's palace tower,
Upon the verge; the chosen home
Of those who judge the passing hour
Less than the larger days to come.

Then on by labouring gradients slow,
By park and hall, till ere the night
Hides all the hills and settles low
On the loved vale, my straining sight

Takes with the joy of home thy steep,
Fair Grongar, sacred to the muse,
Broad Towy winding to the deep,
Llangunmor with thy reverend yews.

Here, too, mid life's autumnal chill
Are homely joys and sunlit days;
Blest memories haunting vale and hill
Awake the grateful heart to praise.

PURE FABLES.

CONDITIONS.

They thrust a lark into a prison of wires,
and blotted out the blue above him; and he
shook the spaces of the day with song.

Whereas a sparrow, blown by chance
into the seventh heaven, might still do no
more than chirp.

FOREWORD.

A reviewer sat in his arbour with a
parcel of small poets, trying to find reasons
for saying something kind about each of
them.

And by and by he lit upon a chaste,
vellum and gilt, 16mo affair, on page 5 of
which he read: "TO THE CRITICS.—Be
indulgent. I write my poems because they
come; and they are now given to the
world at the earnest solicitation of my
friends. For the peck of faults in this, my
book, I blush; but haply some poor rhyme
of mine may ease the aching heart of—"

"Wife!" roared the reviewer, "bring
me my grievous crabtree cudgel!"

VALUE.

A burgess of the city of letters hied him
to the mayor, with the complaint that the
city musicians were only a very middling lot.

"Perhaps you are right," said the mayor,
"but I think we get a pretty adequate
return for the wages we give them."

T. W. H. C.

THE "NEWDIGATE."

THE first record of the prize is in the year
1768, when it was won by a certain Howard
of Wadham. Four years later "The Bene-
ficial Effects of Inoculation" was the cheer-
ful subject set to the undergraduate muse.
The first name of importance on the list is
that of Heber, who won the prize in 1803
with his "Palestine." It reads formal and
academic enough, but his contemporaries
were much impressed by it, and crowded
the theatre not only at the recitation but at
the rehearsal the night before. Sir Walter
Scott was in Oxford at the time, and break-
fasted with Heber at Brasenose; and it was
at his suggestion that the lines were added:

"No hammer fell, no ponderous axes rung:
Like some tall palm the noiseless fabric
sprung."

"Christopher North" won the Newdigate in
1806 with a strange production, entitled "A
Recommendation of the Study of the Remains
of Ancient Grecian and Roman Architecture,
&c. Six years later Dean Milman wrote his
"Belvidere Apollo," which Dean Stanley
considered the best "Newdigate" ever
written. Certainly the lines are very
musical:

"Beauteous as vision seen in dreamy sleep
By holy maid on Delphi's haunted steep,
Mid the dim twilight of the laurel grove,
Too fair to worship, too divine to love."

In 1827 Robert Stephen Hawker wrote on "Pompeii," and in 1832 the future Lord Selborne wrote a quaint poem on "Staffa," in which Sir Joseph Banks is affectionately referred to as the "Child of Wisdom." F. W. Faber won it in 1836 with his "Knights of St. John," Dean Stanley in the following year with "The Gipsies," and Mr. Ruskin followed in 1839 with "Salsette and Elephante." The last mentioned poem is a sort of missionary prean:

"Then shall the moan of phrenzied hymn, that
sighed
Down the dark vale where Gunga's waters
glide,
Then shall the idol chariot's thunder cease
Before the steps of them that publish peace."

In 1842 John Campbell Shairp, afterwards the Professor of Poetry, wrote on "Charles the Twelfth," and next year Matthew Arnold produced his "Cromwell." Some of "Cromwell" is undoubtedly fine, such as the simile:

"Like a lonely tree
On some bare headland tossing mournfully,
That all night long its weary moan doth
make
To the vex'd waters of a mountain lake."

But occasionally it lapses into the comic, as when we are told that

"Falkland ey'd the strife that would not cease,
Shook back his tangled locks and murmured
'Peace.'"

Three years after the late Sir G. Osborne Morgan followed with a poem on "Settlers in Australia." In the next twelve years A. W. Hunt wrote on "Nineveh," Sir Edwin Arnold on the "Feast of Belshazzar," Philip Stanhope Worsley on "The Temple of Janus," and John Addington Symonds on "The Escorial." In 1863, the astonishing subject of "Coal Mines" was set, and the prize was appropriately enough won by a Welshman. The Professor of Poetry won it the next year with a very good poem on the "Three Hundredth Anniversary of Shakespeare's Birth":

"O rarest Viola, strong with speechless eye,
To watch thine unsunned love too slowly
die.
Love shall not die! And ah! how dark the
glen!
How lonely thou! my poor, pale Imogen.
That was Ophelia's song. Down, Lear, and
rest
Thy storm-blanch'd cheek on thy dead
daughter's breast.
The babbling lips grow soft in sleep—lie
here,
White hair and gold, one life, one love, one
bier."

The present Professor of Moral Philosophy, Mr. J. A. Stuart, wrote on "The Catacombs" in 1868; John Huntley Skrine on "Margaret of Anjou" in 1870; Mr. W. H. Mallock, the year after, on "The Isthmus of Suez" (a fit subject for a future economist); and the present editor of the *Times* on "Livingstone" in 1875. The last poem concludes with an admonition to—

"Look at yon plain stone,
Read the brief legend love has writ thereon:
And part with firm resolve as his to save,
To ransom Afric, and to free the slave!"

which may or may not be still the politics of Printing House Square. Three years later the author of "The Ballad of Reading Gaol" wrote a remarkable poem on "Ravenna," which may fairly be judged the best in the whole chronicle of prize compositions:

"The Prince of Chivalry; the Lord of War;
Gaston de Foix: for some untimely star
Led him against thy city, and he fell,
As falls some forest-lion fighting well.
Taken from life while life and love were new,
He lies beneath God's seamless veil of blue;
Tall lance-like reeds wave sadly o'er his head,
And oleanders bloom to deeper red
Where his bright youth flow'd crimson on
the ground."

In 1881 Mr. Rennell Rodd wrote an excellent poem on "Sir Walter Raleigh." Mr. J. W. Mackail followed with his "Thermopylae," and to him succeeded Mr. D. S. MacColl and Mr. Bowyer Nichols. In 1888 Mr. Arthur Waugh won the prize, and two years later Mr. Laurence Binyon with his "Persephone." Lord Warkworth's "St. Francis of Assisi," in 1892, is perhaps the best of recent poems.

The "Newdigate" is emphatically an undergraduate's poem, and as a rule it bears the fact of its origin on its face. It is generally highly spiced with mannerism, and reflects most faithfully the fashions in verse of the day. To read over a sheaf of old compositions is to get some insight into the history of poetic modes in our own century. In early Victorian days we find neat antithesis and correct sensibility. Later a jarring Byronic note enters; and then in the "seventies and early eighties" we come on traces of the Morris and Rossetti renaissance of mediævalism. And at all times there is a plethora of sonorous words, and frequently ragged endings to stately beginnings. Now and then a fine phrase or a memorable line gives promise of good work in the future.

The most famous Newdigates are those which were never sent in, the long list of fabled extracts which cannot be found in any printed composition. Such are the immortal lines on Nebuchadnezzar:

"Thus spake he, as he champed the unwonted
food—
'It may be wholesome, but it is not good.'"

There are few things in mock heroic finer than this Homeric beginning. So, too, the poem on the Prince of Wales's illness:

"Hour after hour th' unwelcome message
came,
'He is no better, he is much the same.'"

Or this on the siege of Paris:

"Alas! to-day how many a corpse is made
Which yesterday with happy children played."

In 1895 "Montezuma" was set as a subject, and a proposed version appeared in the *Oxford Magazine*, which is reprinted in the second volume of selections from that paper. The opening lines—

"Montezuma
Met a puma
Coming through the rye."

J. B.

THREE BARDS OF THE BUSH.

III.—MR. A. B. PATERSON.

FOR a clearer appreciation of Mr. Paterson's volume, *The Man from Snowy River*, which for its buoyancy and movement we have kept till the last, it is well to visit the Grafton Galleries. There are pictures in that exhibition of Australian art which serve as a commentary upon these poems. In particular, there is a droving scene in the first room—a horseman or two, a myriad sheep, a dusty road, a parching sun—a glance at which makes actual several of Mr. Paterson's more ovine pieces, as we might call them, such as "A Bushman's Song," "Shearing at Castlereagh," and "The Two Devines." And there are landscapes there too, which give these Bush bards their setting.

It is not as a singer of sheep-shearing that we best like Mr. Paterson, but as celebrant of what De Quincey called the glory of motion. In these days of cycling and motor cars and universal machinery it is cheering to come again upon a poet to whom the horse makes its old appeal. For Mr. Paterson is of the school of Whyte-Melville and that spirited gentleman-poet, Egerton Warburton. The jog-trot of a horse he loves is more to him than the whirlwind pace of a bogey-engine. The poem that gives its title to the book should be sure of mention whenever the best riding poems are enumerated. It tells how

"There was movement at the station, for the
word had passed around
That the colt from old Regret had got
away,
And had joined the wild bush horses—he was
worth a thousand pound,
So all the cracks had gathered to the fray.
All the tried and noted riders from the
stations near and far
Had mustered at the homestead over night,
For the bushmen love hard riding where the
wild bush horses are,
And the stock-horse snuffs the battle with
delight."

A brave beginning. Then the poet gives us a catalogue of the heroes assembled, among whom is an unknown stripling on a small and weedy beast, whose powers are doubted. The experienced reader knows what is coming: this stripling will outstride the lot. And it is so—the man from Snowy River, as the stranger is called, does outstride them:

"When they reached the mountain's summit,
even Clancy took a pull,
It well might make the boldest hold their
breath,
The wild hop scrub grew thickly, and the
hidden ground was full
Of wombat holes, and any slip was death.
But the man from Snowy River let the
pony have his head,
And he swung the stock whip round and
gave a cheer,
And he raced him down the mountain like
a torrent down its bed,
While the others stood and watched in very
fear."

He sent the flint stones flying, but the pony
kept his feet,
He cleared the fallen timber in his stride,
And the man from Snowy River never shifted
in his seat—
It was grand to see that mountain horseman
ride."

Through the stringy barks and saplings, on
the rough and broken ground,
Down the hillside at a racing pace he
went;
And he never drew the bridle till he landed
safe and sound
At the bottom of that terrible descent.

He was right among the horses, as they
climbed the further hill,
And the watchers on the mountain standing
mute,
Saw him ply the stock whip fiercely, he was
right among them still,
As he raced across the clearing in pursuit.
Then they lost him for a moment, where two
mountain gullies met
In the ranges, but a final glimpse reveals
On a dim and distant hillside the wild horses
racing yet,
With the man from Snowy River at their
heels."

And so on. Mr. Paterson, it will be seen,
can make Pegasus move too.

In another piece, we see how Pardon, the
son of Reprieve, after being tampered with
by scoundrels—filled with green barley—
yet won the race of the day. The story
has a dramatic setting, and at the end the
narrator adds:

"But he's old—and his eyes are grown hollow;
Like me, with my thatch of the snow;
When he dies then I hope I may follow,
And go where the racehorses go.
I don't want no harping nor singing—
Such things with my style don't agree;
Where the hoofs or the horses are ringing
There's music sufficient for me."

The hoofs of the horses ring throughout
Mr. Paterson's verses.

An Australian poet whose subject is
riding must, of course, challenge com-
parison with Adam Lindsay Gordon. Mr.
Paterson has not his predecessor's mastery
of metre and words, his literary knowledge;
but for us, we should choose the author of
this book. Temperament is of more value
than verbal dexterity, and Mr. Paterson's
temperament satisfies us. He sees things
clearly; he eschews pessimism; he has
humour; he is himself, neither second-hand
Byron nor second-hand Swinburne; and he
is Australian. One wants Australian poets
to be Australian. Mr. Paterson's love o'
country comes out in a little reflective piece
called "In the Droving Days." The argu-
ment shows him to have drifted to an
auction sale; an old horse is put up, and
the bidding stops at a pound; as he looks
at it, the poet's thoughts stray to scenes of
the past:

"Back to the road, I crossed again
Over the miles of the saltbush plain—
The shining plain that is said to be
The dried-up bed of an inland sea,
Where the air is dry and so clear and bright
Refracts the sun with a wondrous light,
And out in the dim horizon makes
The deep blue gleam of the phantom lakes.

At dawn of day we would feel the breeze
That stirred the boughs of the sleeping trees,
And brought a breath of the fragrance rare
That comes and goes in that scented air;
For the trees and grass and the shrubs contain
A dry sweet scent on the saltbush plain.
For those that love it and understand,
The saltbush plain is a wonderland."

And so on, through scene after scene, until
the poet bids for the horse himself:

"And now he's wandering, fat and sleek,
On the lucerne flats by the Homestead Creek;
I dare not ride him for fear he'd fall,
But he does a journey to beat them all,
For though he scarcely a trot can raise,
He can take me back to the droving days."

But Mr. Paterson's best poem of the
droving days is that by which he is known
all over Australia—"Clancy of the Over-
flow." It is quite a trifle:

"I had written him a letter which I had, for
want of better
Knowledge, sent to where I met him down
the Lachlan, years ago,
He was shearing when I knew him, so I sent
the letter to him,
Just 'on spec,' addressed as follows:
'Clancy, of the Overflow.'

And the answer came directed in a writing
unexpected

(And I think the same was written with
a thumb-nail dipped in tar).

'Twas his shearing-mate who wrote it, and
verbatim I will quote it:

'Clancy's gone to Queensland droving, and
we don't know where he are.'"

That is the opening—with an anticipation
in it of a phrase which the London streets
now know only too well. The poet reads
the message in his dingy little office in the
city, and it sets him musing wistfully:

"In my wild erratic fancy visions came to me
of Clancy
Gone a-droving, down the Cooper, where
the western drovers go;
As the stock are slowly stringing, Clancy
rides behind them singing,
For the drover's life has pleasures that the
townsfolk never know.

And the bush hath friends to meet him, and
their kindly voices greet him

In the murmur of the breezes and the
river on its bars.

And he sees the vision splendid of the sunlit
plains extended,

And at night the wondrous glory of the
everlasting stars."

Since *The Man from Snowy River* was
published—in 1895 in Sydney, and in
London, by Macmillan & Co., in 1896—Mr.
Paterson—or "The Banjo," as he calls him-
self—has written much new verse, and may
be has a new volume almost ready. It
seems to us that from his work a selection
could be made which would contain the
most characteristic Australian poetry yet
written.

In concluding these notes on Australian
singers, it may be well to state that Mr.
Paterson's poems are published in Sydney
by Messrs. Angus & Robertson, and in
London by Messrs. Macmillan; Mr.
Lawson's poems are published in Sydney
by Messrs. Angus & Robertson, and in
London by Messrs. Sampson, Low & Co.;
and Mr. Dyson's poems are published in
Sydney only, by Messrs. Angus & Robertson.

STEINLEN'S CATS.*

THE abundance of French draughtsmen is
not their least merit. They have such
ebullience, these Steinlens and Caran
d'Aches, Forains and Willettes. They
turn from grave to gay, from lively to
severe, so readily and with an enthusiasm
comparable only to that of the boy. Tem-
peramentally they differ from their English
brethren of the crayon in being all artist,
rather than part artist and part citizen,
a condition fostered by Paris and her
federating, light-hearted *cafés*, and ob-
structed by London and her chill reserve.
Our artists have done with work at
sundown when they turn the studio key.
Abundance is no characteristic of theirs—
high spirits they may have, but not for
expression at the pencil's point. In other
words, they are not, like the Frenchmen,
all artists, but only artists in part. It is
the old difference of North and South.

Look, for example, at this new book of
Steinlen's. Steinlen's work is the illustration
of books and papers; the weekly coloured
lithograph, usually sombre and terrible—
the fruit, at any rate, of intimate knowledge
of the seamier side of life—in *Gil Blas
Illustré*; and occasional posters. Yet such is
his variety, his abundance, that he finds
time to throw off this collection of studies of
cat life, innocent, gay, winsomely charming:
which is to say, the grimmest realist
with the pencil now working in Paris, the
city of grim realists, has produced one of
the most fascinating books for children of
recent days, when everyone is striving to
that end. That is what is meant by
abundance.

Steinlen's cats differ from others principally
in their leanness and their strength of pur-
pose. They almost always are intent upon
some objective. With Mme. Ronner's fluffy,
dainty Persian kittens repose is the aim of
life; but Steinlen's cats are adventurers,
pirates, warriors. One kitten's coquetry
with a cigar stump; another's indignity at
the hands of its little mistress, who would
dress it as a doll; a third's struggles with a
ball of worsted in which it ends in being
worsted too; a cat's fight with a magpie;
the chase of a goldfish in a bowl; various
vicissitudes of hungry cats; an encounter
with a frog; an encounter with a guinea-
pig; a frustrated mouse hunt—these are
some of Steinlen's subjects. The august deity
of the domestic hearth-rug has, like other
people, his "off moments," when dignity
is laid aside. Steinlen has chosen these "off
moments," and has followed the "zoetrope"
method so popular with French draughts-
men, with the result that each story lives.
One paradoxical result of this attempt at
realism is that the cats sometimes come to
look more like dogs or monkeys. But what
of that? The instantaneous photographs of
Prof. Muybridge have shown us that all
animals in swift movement have a power
of distortion. With this reflection let the
reader console himself when Steinlen's cats
depart from the accepted shape. For our-
selves, we are satisfied.

* *Des Chats*. Par Steinlen. Collection Rodolphe
Salis. (Paris: Ernest Flammarion.)

THE BOOK MARKET.

OUGHT BOOKS TO BE CHEAPER?

IN the *Daily Telegraph* of May 11, Mr. Bryce's plea for cheaper books formed the text of an interesting, suggestive, and, on the whole, of a well-informed leading article on the present position of the author, the publisher, and the book buyer. Mr. Bryce's theory is that cheap periodical literature is ruining the book trade, and that the only way in which the publisher can combat the formidable competition of magazines is by cheapening his books. It would seem that the writer in the *Daily Telegraph* accepts Mr. Bryce's statement that the enormous strides made in all departments of periodical literature have had a disastrous effect on the sale of books, but we are much inclined to doubt the truth of such a judgment. The book-buying public is still a small one, but book-buyers are increasing on every hand. The insignificant minority is daily becoming less insignificant even in point of numbers. Still books are a necessity to the very few. To the general they are always a luxury. In times of depression the purveyor of literature is naturally one of the first to suffer. The writer of this article says with truth: "If any one considers the circle of his friends he will find that there are relatively few who peruse literary works and fewer still who buy them. On the other hand, the great mass of our half-instructed population are quite contented with sixpenny magazines and with the judiciously selected fare which they find in newspapers." But then the great mass of our half-educated population never did buy books. Until the advent of the *Tit-Bits* class of literature it read practically nothing. *Tit-Bits* readers demanded something more substantial, and the *Strand Magazine* supplied the want. As a natural sequence we have now the popular daily paper. The book-buying public, we suppose we must call it the wholly educated public, is never to be counted by its hundreds of thousands. It is not a great mass but a few scattered individuals. Some day some one may educate the great mass up to the buying of books, but the time is not yet. Only occasionally does one of the mass join the minority—of book buyers. But a new recruit is always a valuable addition to a small army.

Considering the smallness of the book-buying public, says the writer of the article, publishing must be but a poor profession.

"In circumstances like these the production of books is a perilous business, and it would be more perilous still if it were not for the great circulating libraries which form so marked a feature of the present epoch. When a book is issued nowadays it is fairly certain beforehand that a substantial number of copies will be taken up by the libraries. It would be much better for the publisher if he could deal with the public direct, but as that is impossible—most people having agreed, for prudential reasons, to get their books on loan—he is only too thankful to avail himself of the supplies required by large and flourishing distributing agencies."

There is something quite wrong here. If the publisher had to depend on these epoch making circulating libraries unhappy indeed would be his condition—perilous indeed would be his enterprise. We should like the writer to see some of the first orders for new books received from the largest circulating library in the world. We can assure him that fifty-two copies is considered a good order even when the author of the book has something of a reputation. Circulating libraries do not buy books in large numbers; as a rule, they have no need to; naturally they have no wish to. It is only when there is an enormous rush that they are compelled to stock in large quantities. Literary men and publishers seem to some extent agreed that circulating and free libraries are harmful to the book trade. We are by no means so sure that this is so. Since these libraries were started there has been no decrease in the sale of books. In these days of prodigious production of literature it is impossible for any one to buy everything that is issued. The circulating library offers the chance of free, or very cheap, sampling. Many subscribers to circulating libraries are patrons of the booksellers on an extensive scale. They buy after they have read. The circulating library is the sure friend of the author of a strong and powerful book, the deadly foe of weak inanities. It has done more to elevate the general tone of literature than much newspaper criticism.

The writer of the article goes out of his way to say unpleasant things of contemporary fiction.

"Our bookstalls are flooded with works of fiction, mostly written by women—often ungrammatical, largely worthless in character, and wholly devoid of any reasonable interest. They are produced because in nine cases out of ten the author or authoress pays for the production. . . . Novels undoubtedly depress the general level of culture at the present time, because they, like the poor in Tennyson's 'Northern Farmer,' in a lump are bad."

But he must study the bookstalls and the book lists more closely before he indulges in sweeping statements of this kind. The bookstalls are not flooded with works of fiction, and the commission publishers are seldom represented on them by a single book. A book by an unknown author is a *rara avis* on a railway bookstall. As to present day fiction being "in the lump bad" we think every impartial observer must have been struck by the really high level attained by the great mass of contemporary novels. Great works are admittedly few and far between, but you have only to glance at the weekly summary in the *ACADEMY* to see that the general standard of new fiction is far above what we have been inclined to term the "average"—an average which is no longer correct.

We cannot agree with the writer's further statement:

"Each publisher's hand is against his fellow—Barabbas, we remember, was a publisher—and, therefore, by stress of competition, he is tempted to out-do his rival by the magnificence of his offers to those authors who command a ready sale. Having paid a good deal more than he ought for one book, he has to pay less than he ought for another; his successes, such

as they are, have to make up for his losses; while, in such an unhealthy state of things, the young writer of promise has a peculiar difficulty in getting even a hearing."

Even supposing that a publisher pays more than he ought for one book—it is a notorious fact that most of the large sums to which the writer refers have come back to the publisher with good interest—how does this affect the young author? Where the risk is so great it is almost a wonder that a new writer obtains anything at all for his first work. If he can find a publisher to take the chance he is indeed fortunate. If his book is a great success he has his reward: he can dictate his own terms in the future. And we are positive that never were MSS. more carefully read, never was there a sharper look-out kept for the "young writer of promise," than at the present time. The competition among publishers makes such a look-out a necessity of existence.

The writer then proceeds to a general discussion of the cheapening of books. He is, as we have already stated, perfectly right in saying that "books have their own *clientèle*"—a small *clientèle*. There can be no doubt that books could be produced more cheaply if larger editions were printed. But the question is, would cheap books pay either publisher or author? A novel now issued at six shillings would have to sell more than double the number if published at three-and-sixpence in order to bring in the same profit. The experiment has been tried over and over again, and has invariably proved a failure. The reason is simple enough. You cannot force the growth of the book-buying public. Many authors—we are thinking especially of several well-known novelists—can reckon on a sale of, say, two thousand copies for each new book, and at six shillings this allows a fair margin of profit for all concerned. Produce the same book at three-and-sixpence, advertise it to the same amount, and you will find that the sale has increased by some two hundred and fifty copies, probably less. There is a loss on the transaction. The *clientèle* of that particular author is limited to two thousand buyers. An interesting experiment might be made by an author of phenomenal popularity. A sale of fifty thousand copies of a six-shilling novel might possibly be turned into a sale of a hundred and fifty thousand, though we doubt if such would be the case. But the issue rests, in this instance, with the author, not with the publisher.

The writer closes by saying that in time the newspaper will oust the popular magazine. Utterances of this kind are rather useless, and in literary matters it is absolutely futile to attempt to prophesy. The great attraction of the magazine lies in the excellent illustrations, and these the newspapers can never equal. Has the *New York Journal*, with all its "popular" features and its illustrations, killed McClure's or Munsey's Magazines? But we are more than certain that the writer is wrong in declaring "that the magazine has already succeeded in establishing its popularity at the expense of books." Magazines have added hundreds of thousands to the reading public, and book publishers, as a whole,

welcome them because they have brought into touch with things literary a new and vast audience. Of their benefit to the author it is needless to write.

J. E. H. W.

THE BOOKSELLERS

ON THE QUESTION OF CHEAPER BOOKS.

"Books ought to be cheaper," were Mr. Bryce's words a fortnight ago. Perhaps he was not altogether serious, for he added: "The first generation of authors may be losers, but let the heroic suffer," and there were authors present! On the other hand, it was generally admitted at the Booksellers' Dinner—the occasion on which Mr. Bryce spoke—that the book-trade suffered seriously from the vast amount of private and organised borrowing of books; and it has been argued since that the Circulating Library is really the reply of the public to the high prices of books, and that the public would buy books much more freely if they cost less. The whole question of the present prices of books and the public attitude to their prices seemed worthy of investigation, especially as it is admitted that vast numbers of educated people rarely buy books at all. We therefore addressed a circular to the leading booksellers, in which we quoted Mr. Bryce's words, and asked for their opinions on the issuing of new 6s. books at 3s. 6d., and less costly books at 2s. 6d. and 1s. We print their replies below.

LONDON (STRAND).

MESSRS. A. & F. DENNY write:

"With reference to your inquiry as to the advisability of making reductions in the published price of books, and publishing cheap editions immediately, we are of opinion that much good would result from the experiment if it should be attempted with really good books of general interest, and the publisher would reap the benefit of very much improved sales, although, no doubt, it would operate against the 'Circulating Library' (at the present time looked upon by publishers as their greatest friend). The public will speedily recognise the difference in price, and instead of worrying about borrowing, will buy the book. We are not by any means in favour of multiplying shilling editions, although much of the poetry, and many of the novels (6s.), published at the present day would not sell even at that price. We are looking forward to the time when the six-shilling novel, like its forerunner, the three-decker, will become a thing of the past, except in the case of well-known and really good authors. Without advocating the French system of 3fr. 50c. books, we should like to see all popular work in biography, history, travel, &c., brought out at a very much lower price than now."

LONDON (E.C.).

MESSRS. JONES & EVANS send us the following interesting reply:

"We do not think that the question of the cheapening of literary wares was ever more justly or more felicitously stated than in the fore-word to the series of 'Pocket Volumes' exquisitely printed at the Chiswick Press, and published by Messrs. George Bell & Son: 'They

do not profess to compete with the so-called cheap volumes. They believe that a cheapness which is attained by the use of inferior type and paper, and absence of editorial care, and which results in volumes that no one cares to keep, is a false cheapness. They desire rather to produce books superior in quality, and relatively as cheap.'

Whilst we hope it will always be worth the while of publishers to produce books that, like the King's daughter, are 'fair to see' and 'glorious within,' we also think that the needs of the poor student should not be ignored. Mere lowness of price will not convert non-readers into readers; but it will undoubtedly benefit literature by causing the public to buy instead of borrow, and thus taste the keenest joy of the book-lover—possession. It is well-known that on the Continent more books are bought than is the case with ourselves, the purchasing power of three and a half francs, or its equivalent, being doubtless mainly responsible for that result.

At the same time, the point we want to emphasise is this, that for the ever-growing company of lovers of choice books there must always be production of books comely of form, and as handsomely 'turned out' as the 'Arts and crafts' of printing, binding, and illustration can achieve. Did not a patrician lately confide to a London newspaper that he had tasted of grief in having to accept the gift of a gold cigar-case that was only nine-carat? How much worse the plight of the book-lover on receiving his favourite author in a shape ugly and mean, 'cheap and nasty.'

Lastly, even in the 'Republic of Letters,' there must be a 'living wage'; it cannot be supposed that the literary craftsman will present his readers with the results of years of research for what barely pays cost of production. New and original work in poetry, history, science, and philosophy at a nominal figure, by writers of note, is outside the range of practical publishing. We think that were publishers to follow the plan of the big railways, and cater for first and third classes, the needs of 'all sorts and conditions' would be met."

LONDON (OXFORD-STREET).

MESSRS. TRUSLOVE & HANSON write:

"The question of a general lowering of the prices of books is one to which we cannot assent. If, in speaking of publishing the work of some well-known and popular author at a cheap rate, Mr. Bryce was thinking of one of our popular novelists, we differ from his opinion. Had *Trilby* or *The Christian* been published at 3s. 6d. or 2s. 6d. instead of 6s., they would not, in our opinion, have been such a success for author, publisher, or bookseller. Six-shilling novels by good authors sell better to-day than any other class of fiction.

We should, however, welcome a lowering of prices in other branches of literature, such as books of travel, biography, essays, &c. We should then possibly be told less frequently: 'Yes, it is an interesting book, no doubt; but I cannot afford it, so shall get it from the library.' We do not think that new books of poems published at 1s. would pay anyone."

LONDON (LEICESTER SQUARE).

MESSRS. BICKERS & SON do not favour the lowering of book prices, but they make a suggestion:

"We would not welcome a general lowering of prices of books, and in fact can hardly understand how such a thing could possibly happen, unless bad paper, print, &c., was the result; the books, as now issued, are as tastefully pro-

duced for the money at which they are published as one can well wish, and to have all the publishers' good work of the past few years thrown away would be both a hardship upon them, the booksellers, and public, and we are confident would not materially increase sales, for if a book is worth buying it will be bought.

It would be an advantage, perhaps, if all books were issued in paper covers, as in France, as we are often asked for books in a different style to those in stock, the difference of cost to be added to printing, and it would, if the book was treasured by the purchaser, be possible to bind up in leather bindings to suit individual taste without sacrificing the sometimes highly-decorative covers."

BIRMINGHAM.

MR. CHARLES LINNELL, of Messrs. Cornish Bros., is an authority on bookselling in the Midlands, and he writes to us:

"There is no growing demand for cheap literature. On the contrary, our difficulty is to find good library editions of many standard authors. Every hour in the day we are asked, 'Is there no better edition?' Most devoutly do we hope that the book trade may be spared any further cheapening of books. It is our daily experience that many books published at 3s. 6d. would sell far better if produced in a better form and issued at 6s. A general cheapening would be most disastrous—a calamity to author, publisher, and bookseller, and a misfortune to the public; for what reverence would people have for literature bought at one shilling a pound! Mr. Bryce spoke of a general lowering of prices; it is instructive to note that his *Holy Roman Empire* was first issued at 6s., second edition 9s., third edition 7s. 6d., and this was followed by a library edition at 14s. Fancy, too, a shilling edition of the *American Commonwealth*!"

Mr. C. COMBRIDGE, bookseller of this city, writes:

"Replying to your letter of the 14th inst., with reference to the further cheapening of books, our experience is that 6s. novels by popular authors sell exceedingly well.

Some four or five years ago there was a decided tendency on the part of publishers to reduce 6s. series to 3s. 6d. and 2s. 6d., but during the past two or three years a large majority of works by popular novelists have been issued at 6s.

We do not think that standard copyright works published under 6s. would be advisable, the carriage and general working expenses would be as heavy on a 3s. 6d. publication as a 6s. one, and, bad as bookselling is at the present time, it would be infinitely worse if we had to do twice as much work for the same return, and we do not think it any more desirable from a publisher's point of view than from ours.

We think travels and biographies would command a large sale if published at 6s. instead of the prohibitive prices at which they are now issued.

New books of poems, essays, travels, &c., at 1s. would not pay anyone concerned, and are quite out of the question."

CARDIFF.

MR. JOHN HOGG, bookseller, of Cardiff, writes:

"I certainly think that a general lowering of the prices of books, more especially new novels, would lead to a much larger sale, and would eventually benefit the booksellers. As to authors and publishers I cannot offer an opinion, but they both seem to be quite capable of taking care of themselves."

A NORTH of England bookseller writes :

"Our experience of the further cheapening of books does not agree with the views expressed in the ACADEMY. Of course the scheme could not be said to have been tried until a work by a popular author was first published in a cheap form. We find that where a taste for reading exists, and the reader, on sanitary grounds, eschews books from a public library, the question of price makes little or no difference. There is an example, during the past few years, of a better and larger book being published at three shillings and sixpence, which sold fairly well when, a year or two later, a smaller and inferior book by the same author came out at six shillings, which seemed to be quite as successful. It is a lamentable fact that there are hundreds of thousands of well-educated people who rarely buy books. We do not think the question of price has much to do with it; a cultivation of the taste for reading would do more to improve matters. With reference to the success of new books of poems, travel, &c., at one shilling, we might quote the re-issue of 'Nansen' in monthly parts, which appears to have caught on. The question raised at the Booksellers' Dinner is only trailing a red-herring across the scent; the question to face is purely a business one—how to prevent the further decrease of booksellers in the provinces? It cannot 'be to the interests of literature' that booksellers are gradually declining to stock new books, on account of being expected to sell them at cost price, and giving their attention to non-copyright works, stationery and fancy goods. It was the remark of a well-known dealer, 'that a book-store nowadays is like a cross between a toy-shop and a railway bookstall.'"

OXFORD.

MR. B. H. BLACKWELL, the well-known Oxford bookseller, writes :

"I have some difficulty in answering your questions as to the probable effect of a further cheapening of books upon the trade generally, because my experience does not extend far beyond the limits of the University of Oxford, where book-lovers abound.

It is, of course, quite true that there are 'hundreds of thousands of well-educated people who rarely buy books.' They will beg, borrow and—forget to return them, but only in the last resort spend money on them; and I doubt if a general reduction in the original price of first-rate literature would induce this class of consumers to buy books to such an increased extent as to make the change beneficial either to producers or distributors."

CHELTENHAM.

MR. JOHN M. BANKS :

"More books would be sold at a cheap price, but I do not think in sufficiently large numbers to pay the author. Expensive books like Nansen's *Farthest North*, Lord Roberts's *Forty-One Years in India*, Lord Tennyson's *Life*, &c., show that the public will buy books at any price if they wish for them. The great hindrance to the sale of books is that it does not pay booksellers to push them, and that other goods take the first place in their efforts."

BOURNEMOUTH.

MR. HORACE G. COMMUN writes :

"In reply to your note re cheaper first issues of books of travel, essays, poems, &c., I do not for an instant believe that the additional number of readers would repay the publishers

or authors for their experiment within a century. I am rather of the belief that if a book is worth anything, buyers are willing to pay a fair price for it, and that a cheapening of price will bring about a contempt for literature which I should be very sorry to see, and which would ruin a real bookselling business."

BRISTOL.

MESSRS. WILLIAM GEORGE'S SONS write from Bristol :

"We agree with Mr. Bryce, but the copyright owners are afraid. The cheap paper book for the 'new and popular' in fiction is the only thing to induce buying by stopping the borrowing. If the book be good, a good edition will follow and sell well; if bad, it is dead, and soon waste. You may put poetry and essays on the same footing; but cheap travel is a difficulty. Still, a more reasonable price for a good book in this department would bring as much grist to the copyright mill as the present heavy remainders possibly can."

THE WEEK.

PUBLISHING remains very inactive.

Messrs. Macmillan have begun the publication in four volumes of the late Prof. Huxley's contributions to scientific periodicals and societies. This work, which is entitled *The Scientific Memoirs of Thomas Henry Huxley*, is being edited by Prof. Michael Foster and Prof. E. Ray Lankester, who in their Preface to the volume write as follows :

"When, after the death of the late Prof. Huxley, the question of the form of a memorial to him was being discussed, among the proposals made was one to republish in a collected form the many papers which, during wellnigh a half century of scientific activity, he contributed to scientific societies and scientific periodicals. It was felt that while his scientific treatises in the form of books, as well as his more popular writings, might safely be entrusted to the usual agencies of publication, there was a danger lest his exact scientific writings, scattered among many journals, might be in a part overlooked, or at least not gain that prominence in the eyes of students of biological science in times to come which was their due. And it was suggested that the financial responsibilities, by no means light ones, of publishing in an adequate form these collected scientific memoirs might be met out of the fund subscribed for a memorial. The Messrs. Macmillan, however, who for many years had had close relations as publishers with Prof. Huxley, very generously, as a contribution to the memorial, undertook all the financial responsibilities of the republication, provided that we would be willing to bear such editorial labours as might be necessary. This, of course, we were delighted to do; the reprinting and the reproduction of the illustrations were at once begun, and we are now able to offer the first volume, which will be followed as rapidly as possible by the others. So far as we can judge, the work will be completed in four volumes.

The papers are arranged in chronological order, and the present volume contains fifty memoirs originally published between 1847 and 1860. The list of papers which we propose to republish (and we have done our best to make the list complete) contains about two hundred titles, exclusive of the memoir on *The Oceanic*

Hydrozoa, published by the Ray Society in 1859, which, from its size and character, we have considered as an independent publication.

Huxley produced so great an effect on the world as an expositor of the ways and needs of science in general, and of the claims of Darwinism in particular, that some, dwelling on this, are apt to overlook the immense value of his direct original contributions to exact science. The present volume and its successors will, we trust, serve to take away all excuse for such a mistaken view of Huxley's place in the history of biological science. They show that quite beyond and apart from the influence exerted by his popular writings, the progress of biology during the present century was largely due to labours of his of which the general public knew nothing, and that he was in some respects the most original and most fertile in discovery of all his fellow-workers in the same branch of science."

The flow of Guide and Tourist books has begun; and is likely to continue for many weeks.

ART.

MODERN ART AT KNIGHTSBRIDGE.

THE interest of the assemblage of more or less contemporary work at Knightsbridge, which has set the up-to-date public talking of all sorts of English and foreign names, is really to be found not so much in the merit of individual pictures, though that is naturally considerable, as in the exhibition of the tendencies of contemporary Painting. The organisers of the show have had ample material to draw upon, and they have drawn upon it freely. Theirs has not been simply the effort to gather together a sufficient collection of works newly produced by adherents of this or that school with which they happened to have sympathy. Theirs has been the task to show what excellent as well as what eccentric labours have been bestowed upon canvases Academies have never recognised, and how great, even now-a-days, is the variety of the efforts over which—in England, at least—no official benediction has yet been uttered. Of course, the Exhibition contains a great deal that of late years, at any rate, has not been without something approaching to official recognition in France. But even of the French works shown, some of the most interesting were long permitted to pine in the shade of Academic neglect. There is always a dominant party. The dominant party in Art, at any particular period, is not in the least likely—as revolutionaries continually forget—to be in possession of no valuable virtue, no saving grace. Ingres could not be worthless because Delacroix had merit, and Delacroix could not be altogether vicious because it had become impossible to deny the virtues of Ingres. But if it is safe to assume that the art that has been called to high places at the official board is not without the means to say something very substantial in justification of its honours, it is certain, likewise, that outside the favoured circles there will be representation of qualities it is

not prudent to ignore. Right is upon the side of the Opposition as well as upon the side of the Government. And the main teaching of the Exhibition at Knightsbridge is that to the side of what may for a quarter of a century have been the Opposition in Painting, a large measure of right has attached. There is the teaching, likewise, that, at any particular period, and irrespective really of particular styles, it is the right of what we call the Opposition which is most borne in upon the younger practitioners of Art.

To the remark that at Knightsbridge every school is represented that has contributed an important following among the younger painters of to-day, it may possibly be objected that the Pre-Raphaelites are not present. The reply is easy. We need not answer, "Here, indeed, is Mr. Frederick Sandys, with a characteristic portrait." We may say, rather, the Pre-Raphaelite influence was chiefly felt before the period with which the Knightsbridge show is organised to deal. Its force was worn out by the time that Degas and Manet and Mr. Whistler became eminent. To-day it is a fashion of the *dilettante*, of the student whose tastes are literary and whose literature is lop-sided, of those who come to Modern Art with ideals founded on the performances of the Italian Primitives. Original people, who can think and see, do not for a moment assign to the Pre-Raphaelites that importance which it has long been the custom of the advocates of the movement to claim. Popular participators in its movement may get substantial prices at Christie's, because, among them, there happen to have been one or two men of genius. But the school is barren. Do not attribute to it the charm of Boutet de Monvel, the fascination of Mr. Byam Shaw.

Who are the people, then—not dominant in Academies, but dominant outside Academies—influencing widely and deeply the contemporary production? They are not Segantini and they are not Mathieu Maris: the one of them, a painter of interest, it is easy to over-rate, and the other, an executant of rare delicacy, a dreamer of chastened dreams, of which one values the dainty and pictorial chronicle. They are chiefly, perhaps, Degas and Manet, Whistler and Claude Monet, all of them represented at Knightsbridge, at first hand, by their own characteristic and delightful work, and represented again, at second-hand, by the works of those who have elected to follow them. The Impressionists of the New English Art Club are among the followers of one or other of them. The saner and more distinguished members of the Glasgow school are among the followers of them; and is not even the particular extravagance and eccentricity of method of which that Glasgow school also gives evidence, is it not but an exaggeration of the qualities of the masters—a hearkening, indiscreet, yet in intention faithful, to the precepts of genius?

And if these four masters have been and are to-day so very influential, what is it that they have given us? And again, what is it—precious, certainly, besides—which they have, to some extent, withheld? First, to

the first question—we can, of course, but partially and roughly answer it. And then it must be remembered that the gifts of the one man, often differing from, have also often overlapped or coincided with, the gifts of another. I suppose the most prominent and general of the truths their work has brought home to us is the importance of the full acceptance by the painter of almost everything that is in modern life. That a given subject was "unpaintable" used ordinarily to be said. The answer of the realist, of the naturalistic, is simply, "Paint it." Manet would have told you—Degas to-day would tell you—that there is nothing common or unclean. Effectively Manet scarcely tells it you by his "Death of Maximilian"—a wonderfully dramatic dealing with contemporary history—but he tells it you by "Le Bon Bock," which, alas! is not at Knightsbridge. Degas tells it you in many a pastel whose ugliness of theme it has pleased M. de Toulouse Lautrec sometimes to overpass—he tells it you in "The Toilet of the Dancers" and in the ballet scene from "Robert le Diable," only in phrases polite and possible, and which all may accept. Would that there could have been shown too, along with his dancers of quick and sweeping gesture, though ugly of form, one or two of his racing scenes; one or two of his richly coloured windows of bonnet-shops, dressed with the last examples of "modes." But I am getting into detail, and the point was, the willingness of his devotion to all contemporary life. Whistler and Claude Monet, going with him a great way, would accept, I take it, with certain qualifications and reserves, the doctrine he must preach. Claude Monet—whose "Bassin d'Argenteuil," albeit it is, in all probability, a comparatively early picture, represents him so charmingly—is a master of the suavity and yet the splendour of outdoor light, the light of Paris, with its *ciel plus spirituel et plus vivace*, as Anatole France has it, than that of Italy. It is in the refinements of open-air light, and not in its brutalities, that he is accustomed to revel. Mr. Whistler takes modern life—glorifies modern life—but so daintily withal; at the very ends of his fingers; touches it with refinement and sensitiveness; beholds it with a selecting vision. One might go on to particularise—one might define these men's qualities and the inheritance we receive from them until one reached the length of a treatise, and not the length of a memorandum. I am driven to pass speedily to some brief answer to the second question with which this paragraph began—what is it, precious, also, no doubt, that these men have withheld? Or, since I do not think that they have themselves at all uniformly withheld it, what is it that some of them, at least, withheld in a measure, and that is withheld—often lost sight of, altogether—by the younger men who have accepted, perhaps somewhat too exclusively, their influence?

A want of Composition, a poverty and scantiness of Design, are the less agreeable features that work done under the inspiration of these men presents. Look at the Cornish school, for instance, which owes something to these masters. So far as it

can be said to have unity, to have any one characteristic, may it not be averred that while attentive to values, it loses sense of form, that in its realism of the enlarged photograph it loses dignity and individuality of vision and the attainment of intricate and ordered line! The masters themselves—the four of whom I have spoken—differ much in the extent to which they lose these things, Manet losing them most, Degas possibly next, Monet and Whistler very little; looking at the "Bassin d'Argenteuil" and at "Valparaiso Nocturne," and at "London Winter," one might almost say, not at all. And yet in the works, or some of the works at least, these men have influenced, disregard of Composition, ignorance, sheer ignorance of Design, is carried far. One may note an extreme instance. One is accustomed nowadays to the encounter with canvases as to which one feels that so little is their unity of being in them, so deficient are they in harmonious and complete structure, that they could without any kind of injury be extended at the top or to the bottom, to the right hand or to the left; but it is not often that their incompleteness is so wilful or so unobservant, so audacious or so little learned, as in the "Ernesta"—and Ernesta's nurse, it should be said, the lower half of her, rather—the "Ernesta" of Cecilia Beaux, who paints charmingly, moreover; whose "Dreamer" is so refined a treatment of so refined a human subject.

In these lines only a little has been indicated, where many words would have been needed to have explained and defined much, and to have carried the thought beyond the barest suggestion of it. But on this particular matter only one word. It shall be addressed to the rising. They have learnt much, many of them—they have often been apt pupils—they have absorbed sometimes all that study and admiration could allow them to absorb of the especial message of one or other of the men who to-day are recognised as the newer masters. Other masters have something to teach them. Leighton and Bouguereau even, whom they hold of small account, have qualities to which they have not attained. Is it Design that should be mastered, and harmonious intricacy of Line, the great masters of the Renaissance are not out of date by any means, nor are English Varley and George Barret, Turner and Richard Wilson.

FREDERICK WEDMORE.

DRAMA.

WHILE the author and the chief actor in "Charley's Aunt" have been squabbling in the Law Courts as to the tens of thousands of pounds to which they are respectively entitled as their share in the profits of their joint work, the Royalty sees the advent of another new farce, which, if ingenuity and resource were the criterion of success, ought to rival that now historical production in the affections of the playgoing public. I refer to Messrs. George R. Sims

and Leonard Merrick's "My Innocent Boy." In point of construction the peculiarity of this piece is that it attains by perfectly irreproachable means a climax of *equivocal* and flurry which the French dramatists, with curious unanimity, for five and twenty years or more have coupled with breaches of the marriage vow. The root idea is to present a respectable citizen leading a dual life. He is Mr. Smith at home and Mr. Jones elsewhere. At the crucial moment, the people who know him in one rôle, including his wife and mother-in-law—there is always a mother-in-law in the combination—meet him in the other; whence the desired game of hide-and-seek and hurry-scurry. In a score of versions this story has been told, the latest known to Londoners—"My Innocent Boy" excepted—being "Too Much Johnson." Messrs. Sims and Merrick, who may or may not be indebted to a German original—there is nothing distinctively French in their plot—arrive at this time-honoured climax by a new route, which is well worth travelling over for its own sake.

A MR. VALENTINE SMITH—there is reason in their choice of so common a name as Smith—has been brought up by his father under very straitlaced conditions; so that at thirty-six, when his scrupulous protector decides that he shall take a wife, he is supposed to be without any practical knowledge of the world. Unfortunately, Valentine is not all that he seems. He is actually a widower with a grown-up daughter, whom he maintains at a boarding school, where he passes as one Captain Smith. He had married secretly in his teens, and his wife dying after giving birth to his child, he has never ventured to tell his father the truth, the more so that this stern parent is of a violently choleric and explosive disposition. Naturally, he has also kept his terrible secret from the knowledge of his *fiancée*. On the eve of the marriage ceremony he takes a friend into his confidence, begging him to break the news to the parties concerned; but an untoward circumstance, sufficiently plausible in itself, prevents this being done, and Valentine is married for the second time with his unavowable past hanging like a millstone round his neck. By this means the dual personality so dear to the farce writer of all nations is established. The process is neat as well as novel, is it not?

THE second act, according to the convention of the *genre*, brings about the crisis. Under the pretext of having a business engagement in the country, Valentine visits the boarding-school for the purpose of arranging his daughter's nuptials with the local curate, to whom she has become engaged. The boarding-school furnishes a fresh and interesting scene, developing a phase of school-girl character which reminds one of the "Three Little Girls from School are We" of "The Mikado." For this alone the piece would be notable. A charming bevy of school-girls take a dancing lesson from their venerable French music master, and the approaching marriage of one of their number awakens the romance of their fresh young minds, especially as Miss Smith, while engaged to the curate—

an amusingly foolish specimen of his class, with an inane simper and a predilection for jam with his tea—is notoriously in love with one of the young masters. Here our hero is Captain Smith, even to his own daughter; and soon, of course, the long arm of coincidence is at work to his detriment. The second Mrs. Smith happens to be a conspicuous lover of the truth. Indeed, she is in the habit of publicly lecturing on it, the result being that in her husband's absence from town on his supposed business she has accepted an invitation from a Mechanics' Institute adjoining the school to deliver an address there on her favourite theme. With her come the luckless Valentine's father and mother-in-law, and, as a local courtesy, the whole party are shown over the school at the very moment when the husband, supposed to be a hundred miles away, is in the thick of his negotiations with the schoolmistress and the curate. He runs up against them without the smallest warning. It is the function of the husband in such a plight to find a ready and plausible excuse for his presence, and Valentine rises to the occasion. But his troubles are then only beginning. To one section of the *dramatis personæ* he is plain Mr. Smith, newly married; to the other Captain Smith, with a marriageable daughter; and the problem he has to solve is how to escape from this complication with an unblemished character.

INTO the details of the action it is needless to enter. They are emphatically of the order that may better be imagined than described. The part of Valentine Smith is one that would have delighted Mr. Wyndham in the old days before he lapsed into social drama and sentimental comedy. In the hands of Mr. Sidney Drew, a young member of a famous American family of actors, it does not perhaps obtain all the illustration of which it is capable; but Mr. Drew's acting, marked though it be by a certain stolidity, suffices to keep the house in a roar of laughter. In escaping detection, Valentine is obliged to throttle his father almost to death in a dark room, to throw the curate out of the window, and finally, as a supreme expedient, to jump out of the window himself, an incident followed by the usual crash of flower-pots and cucumber frames outside. It is all screamingly funny, and not more deficient in plausibility than the farce-loving public are accustomed to. In the end, needless to say, the knot of the story is satisfactorily untied. The company is not of the best, but in addition to Mr. Drew a pleasurable impression is conveyed by Miss Furtado Clark as the young wife, Mr. H. Farmer as the curate, and others.

THE action of "My Innocent Boy," it will be seen, is much more ingenious than that of "Charley's Aunt," which consisted simply in Mr. Penley's dressing himself up in an old lady's clothes, while the humour evolved from it is at least as legitimate and certainly more plentiful. What it lacks in comparison with its predecessor is character—the stamp of a personality. On the stage, after all, it is character far

more than ingenuity of construction or spice of dialogue that tells. Character was the secret of the success of "Our Boys," which, until "Charley's Aunt" put in an appearance, held the record for the longest continuous run which the English, or, indeed, any stage had known. The famous "butterman" endeared himself to the public by his good-hearted vulgarity. Similarly the popularity of "The Private Secretary" was determined by the character of the unsophisticated curate who "didn't like London." Character apart, there was nothing in these plays to single them out from scores of others of pretty much the same calibre which left no impression upon the public mind. It is the misfortune of "My Innocent Boy" that Valentine Smith, although the chief figure in a clever network of intrigue, is not a personality, and that Mr. Sidney Drew has no chance of making him one. Instead of being a notability, like Perkyn Middlewick or the Rev. Robert Spalding, he might, like a convict, be designated by a number. The distinction may appear over subtle, but after leaving the performance of "My Innocent Boy" one is prepossessed with a sense rather of the authors' cleverness than of the essential humanity of the central figure. Nothing endures on the stage but character. Dramatic methods come and go, but character lives always. The absence of character from his plays is one reason why Scribe, with all his prodigious ingenuity, is but the shadow of a name; and the same fate manifestly awaits Sardou—who is not a creator, but merely an accomplished *faiseur*.
J. F. N.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE COUNTRY OF KIDNAPPED.

SIR,—Mr. Buchan, in his interesting and suggestive article, declares "Stevenson was not an antiquary, and still less was he the painstaking minute geographer. . . . Now and then he made use of a tract of country which he knew like a book, as in the first half of *Catriona* and parts of *St. Ives*. But speaking generally, he romanced with his landscapes." In *Catriona* Mr. Buchan admits that the details in the Appin episode are most correct; "the landscape is irreproachable, and tradition is ready to confirm the author's apparently random guesses." Now, with all deference to Mr. Buchan's judgment, I am inclined to question the statement that Stevenson was no "painstaking minute geographer," or "that he romanced with his landscapes" generally. It is worth recalling what Stevenson has put on record in regard to his method of work. Dealing with his first book, *Treasure Island*, in the *Idler*, August, 1894, and deploring the loss of the original map, he says, "I have said the map was the most of the plot. I might almost say it was the whole. A few reminiscences of Poe, Defoe, and Washington Irving, a copy of Johnson's *Buccaneers*, the name of the Dead Man's Chest from Kingsley's *At Last*, some recollections of canoeing on the high seas,

and the map itself, with its infinite, eloquent suggestion, made up the whole of my materials. It is, perhaps, not often that a map figures so largely in a tale, yet it is always important. The author must know his countryside, whether real or imaginary, like his hand; the distances, the points of the compass, the place of the sun's rising, the behaviour of the moon should all be beyond cavil. . . . With an almanack and the map of the country, and the plan of every house, either actually plotted on paper or already and immediately apprehended in the mind, a man may hope to avoid some of the grossest possible blunders." "With a map and an almanack," continues Stevenson, "a man will avoid such 'croppers' as befell Scott when he allowed the sun to set in the east, as it does in *The Antiquary*." "It is my contention—my superstition, if you like—that who is faithful to his map, and consults it, and draws from it his inspiration, daily and hourly, gains positive support and not mere negative immunity from accident. The tale has a root there; it grows in that soil; it has a spine of its own behind the words. Better if the country be real, and he has walked every foot of it and knows every milestone. But even with imaginary places he will do well in the beginning to provide a map. As he studies its relations will appear that he had not thought upon; he will discover obvious, though unsuspected, short-cuts and foot-prints for his messengers; and even when a map is not all the plot, as it was in *Treasure Island*, it will be found to be a mine of suggestion." I think the foregoing passages will convince most readers that Stevenson, who, on account of lifelong physical weakness, could not visit the scenes of his romances with the set purpose of collecting information on the spot after the fashion of certain novelists, as Mr. Buchan notes, yet took infinite pains over the geography of his romances.—I am, &c.,

D. STEWART.

Glasgow: May 14.

SIR,—I do not think that the tradition current in Appin agrees with Mr. Buchan's informant, who said Alan Breck was the murderer of Colin Glenure. Nor was Mr. Lang's Badenoch man nearer the mark in laying the blame on a Cameron. Of course, the contradiction to this would come with more force from one of another name; but I enter my protest for what it is worth. I first heard the story from my mother, a Macintyre, born and brought up in Glencoe, and I have heard it told by others always to the same effect. Briefly, Mr. Stevenson is right when he says in the Dedication of *Kidnapped* that, "If you inquire you may even hear that the descendants of 'the other man' who fired the shot are in the country to this day. But that other man's name, inquire as you please, you shall not hear." I do not feel at liberty to disclose the other man's name; but this much may be said, that an Appin man fired the shot, and that his descendants are said to this day to feel the weight of the curse laid on the family of the murderer.

As to Alan's stature, we have better evidence than even that of Sir Walter Scott's friend. In one of the declarations printed in the contemporary report of the trial, it is remarked upon as wonderful that the "short coat fitted him, as Alan was a large man, and the declarant (James Stewart) a little man." In another declaration Alan is described as "a tall pock-pitted lad, with very black hair, and wore a blue coat and metal buttons, an old red vest and breeches of the same colour."

The hiding of the arms is not an invention of Mr. Stevenson's, as Mr. Buchan supposes. It also is to be found in the evidence. The gun with which it was alleged the deed was done had its lock fastened with one screw and a bit of string, and on the last occasion of which it was admitted the gun had been used, it "mis-gave thrice at a black cock, and went off at the fourth time without hitting anything." Hardly the sort of weapon a soldier would have chosen when better guns were to be had.—I am, &c.,

D. L. CAMERON.

6, Lonsdale-terrace, Edinburgh:

May 18.

BIBLICAL REVISERS.

SIR,—In the guess that your readers may be interested in a predecessor of Mr. Swan, I have made some quaint extracts from a paraphrase of the Scriptures which was given to an unresponsive world in the year 1768 by one Ebenezer Harwood. The full title of the work is, *A Liberal Translation of the New Testament; being an attempt to translate the Sacred Writings with the same Freedom, Spirit, and Elegance with which other English Translations from the Greek Classics have lately been executed*. The preface contains this passage:

"The author knew it to be an arduous and invidious attempt . . . to diffuse over the sacred page the elegance of modern English, conscious that the bald and barbarous language of the old vulgar version hath acquired a venerable sacredness from length of time and custom. . . . But notwithstanding this persuasion he flattered himself that . . . men of cultivated and improved minds, especially YOUTH could be allured by the innocent stratagem of a modern style to read a book which is now, alas! too generally neglected and disregarded by the young and gay, as a volume containing little to amuse and delight."

As a specimen of Mr. Harwood's elegant modern English, let us take his story of the Prodigal Son (Luke xv.):

"(11) A gentleman of a splendid family and opulent fortune had two sons. (12) One day the younger approached his father, and begged him in the most importunate and soothing terms to make a partition of his effects betwixt himself and his elder brother. The indulgent father—overcome by his blandishments, immediately divided all his fortunes betwixt them. (13) A few days after, the younger brother converted all the estates that had been thus assigned him into ready money—left his native soil, and settled in a foreign country—where by a course of debauchery, profligacy, and every expensive and fashionable amusement and dissipation, in a very short time, he

squandered it all away. (14) As soon as he had dissipated his fortune, and was now reduced to extreme indigence, a terrible famine visited the country in which he resided and raged with such dire and universal devastation that he was in want even of the common necessaries of life. (15) Finding himself now destitute of bread, and having nothing to eat to satisfy a raging appetite he went to an opulent citizen, and begged him in the most supplicant terms that he would employ him in any menial drudgery. The gentleman hired him and sent him into his field to feed swine. (16) Here he was so dreadfully tormented with hunger that he envied even the swine the husks which he saw them greedily devour—and would willingly have allayed with these the dire sensations he felt—but none of his fellow servants would permit him. (17) But reflection, which his vices had kept so long in a profound sleep, now awoke. He now began to review the past scenes of his life, and all the plenty and happiness in which he had once lived now rushed into his mind. 'What a vast number of servants,' said he, 'hath my father—who riot in superfluous abundance and affluence—while I am emaciated and dying with hunger. (18) I am determined to go to my dear aged parent, and try to excite his tenderness and compassion for me.—I will kneel before him and accost him in these penitent and pathetic terms: "Best of parents! I acknowledge myself an ungrateful creature to heaven and to you!" (19) I have rendered myself, by a long course of many shameful vices, unworthy of the name of your child! Condescend to hire me into your family in the capacity of the meanest slave.'" (20) Having formed this resolution he travelled towards home, without clothes and without shoes with all the haste that a body pining with hunger and exhausted by fatigue could make. When he was now come within sight of home, his father saw him at a distance, knew him, and was subdued at once with paternal tenderness and pity. He rushed to meet him with swift and impatient steps—folded him in his arms—imprinted a thousand ardent kisses on his lips—the tears straying down his venerable cheeks and the big passions that struggled in his breast choking his utterance. (21) After some time the son said—"Best and kindest of parents! I have been guilty of the blackest ingratitude both to God and to you; I am unworthy even to be called your child." (22) His father without making any reply to these words, called his servants, saying, 'Bring hither a complete suit of the best apparel I have in the house; (23) And do you fetch the fat calf from the stall, and kill it, for we will devote this day to festivity and joy. (24) For this is my son! He—whose death I have so long and bitterly deplored, is yet alive—Him, whom I believed had miserably perished, I have now recovered!' A most splendid entertainment was accordingly prepared—and every heart was dilated with transport on this happy occasion."

It is hard to insinuate oneself into a mind so constituted as Mr. Ebenezer Harwood's. Of his genuine belief in the necessity for his "innocent stratagem" there can be, however, no doubt: the moderniser was as sincere as he could be. He was also as thorough. The two words, for example, which constitute the 35th verse of John xi. would seem, in any age, to need no revision. But to Mr. Harwood's mind there was something bold and barbarous in the participle "wept." Hence his elegant amendment: "Jesus burst into a flood of tears."—Yours, &c.

A. T. H.

Shrewsbury.

VANDALISM AT HAMPSTEAD.

SIR,—The threatened attack upon those delightful eighteenth century buildings forming Church-row—a calamity foreshadowed in my communication to your paper of November 27 last—has now unhappily begun. Half-a-dozen poles in front of an old-world mansion and its garden on the immediate right as one enters from busy Heath-street proclaim the commencement of hostilities. Who shall say where, or when, these are likely to stop? Already, indeed, the adjoining house is marked for destruction, as proved by its skeleton walls.

And what are we to get in exchange for this sacrifice of unique exteriors? Flats. No doubt they will be as commodious, desirable, and possibly as self-contained as dozens of other blocks scattered over our salubrious suburbs. But the fact remains that they will be flats, whose frontages must contrast horribly with such venerated elevations as may be left to us, let the architect's desire to preserve the character of Church-row be ever so well-intentioned.

Here, then, we have a bitter example of the triumph of the speculative builder over a lively sentiment of preservation. The result illustrates how futile are remonstrances unallied with the persuasiveness of lucre. Some of us had fondly imagined that, through long acquaintance, the parish had acquired a prescriptive ownership over this choice locality. Such hopes were obviously fallacious. Church-row must be "modernised" with the rest. Would that the recently launched Hampstead Anti-quarian and Historical Society were a few years older that it might have come to the rescue ere this. One of its avowed objects being the protection of such spots as this from "needless violation," there can be little doubt a powerful ally has joined forces against the despoiler.

CECIL CLARKE.

Hampstead: May 16.

THE SPELLING OF "SHAKSPERE'S" NAME.

SIR,—In that very valuable little book (which I fancy can be had for the asking), "Rules for Compositors and Readers employed at the Clarendon Press, Oxford," compiled by Mr. Horace Hart, and revised by Dr. J. A. H. Murray and Mr. Henry Bradley, we find the following instruction: "Shakspeare is scholarly, as—the New Shakspeare Society.—*Dr. J. A. H. Murray.* (But the Clarendon Press is already committed to the more extended spelling.—*H. H.*)"

A sort of editorial *carte* and *tierce* that reads somewhat curiously!—Yours, &c.,

G. S. LAYARD.

Malvern.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Week ending Thursday, May 19.

THEOLOGICAL, BIBLICAL, &c.

OUR PRAYER BOOK: SHORT CHAPTERS ON THE HISTORY AND CONTENTS OF THE BOOK OF COMMON PRAYER. By H. C. G. Moule, D.D. Seeley & Co.

THE CROSS AND THE SPIRIT: STUDIES IN THE EPISTLE TO THE GALATIANS. By the Rev. H. C. G. Moule, D.D. Seeley & Co.

THE NEW TRINITY AND THE MOUNT CALLED SUPERSTITION. By Auden Amyand. Watts & Co. 9d.

SUNDAY READINGS FOR BOYS AND GIRLS, FOUNDED ON THE CHURCH CATECHISM. By the Rev. E. Vine Hall, M.A. S.P.C.K.

SERMONS. By the Rev. Frederick W. Robertson. (Preached at Brighton.) Kegan Paul. 1s. 6d.

LESSONS IN OLD TESTAMENT HISTORY. By A. S. Aglen, D.D. Edward Arnold. 4s. 6d.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

CHARLES GRANT: THE FRIEND OF WILLIAM WILBERFORCE AND HENRY THORNTON. By Henry Morris. S.P.C.K.

THE JOURNAL OF JOHN WOOLMAN. Andrew Melrose.

THE HISTORY OF ENGLISH DEMOCRATIC IDEAS IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY. By G. P. Gooch, M.A. Cambridge University Press.

SOPHIE ARNOULD: ACTRESS AND WIT. By Robert B. Douglas. With seven Copper-plate Engravings by Adolphe Lalauze. Charles Carrington.

BRENTFORD: LITERARY AND HISTORICAL SKETCHES. By Fred Turner. Elliot Stock.

COLONIAL CHURCH HISTORIES: THE CHURCH IN THE WEST INDIES. By A. Caldecott, B.D. THE AUSTRALIAN CHURCH. By Edward Symons. S.P.C.K.

W. G. WELLS, DRAMATIST AND PAINTER. By Freeman Wells. Longmans, Green & Co.

DAVID BROWN, D.D.: A MEMOIR. By William Garden Blaikie. Hodder & Stoughton. 6s.

POETRY, CRITICISM, BELLES LETTRES.

THE TRAGEDIES OF EURIPIDES IN ENGLISH VERSE. By Arthur S. Way, M.A. Vol. III. Macmillan & Co. 6s.

GREEK TRAGEDY IN THE LIGHT OF VASE PAINTINGS. By John H. Huddleston. Macmillan & Co. 6s.

IAN AND EDRIC: A POEM OF OUR OWN DAY. By Don Antonio Miranda. R. D. Dickinson & Co. 1s.

ENGELBERG, AND OTHER VERSES. By Beatrix L. Tollemache. Second edition. Rivingtons.

DAY DREAMS OF A SCHOOLMASTER. By D'Arcy W. Thompson. Isbister & Co. 5s.

THE EPIC OF SOUNDS: AN ELEMENTARY INTERPRETATION OF WAGNER'S NIBELUNGEN RING. By Freda Winworth. Second edition. Simpkin & Co., Ltd.

INTERLUDES: SEVEN LECTURES DELIVERED BETWEEN THE YEARS 1891 AND 1897. By the late Henry Charles Banister. Collected and edited by Stewart Macpherson. George Bell & Sons. 5s.

THE "POCKET FALSTAFF" SHAKESPEARE: ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA, AND THE FIRST PART OF KING HENRY THE FOURTH. Bliss, Sands & Co.

THE GROWTH AND INFLUENCE OF MUSIC IN RELATION TO CIVILISATION. By H. Tipper. Elliot Stock.

ESSAYS, MOCK-ESSAYS, AND CHARACTER SKETCHES. Reprinted from the *Journal of Education*. William Rice. 6s.

SONNETS ON THE SONNET: AN ANTHOLOGY. Compiled by the Rev. Matthew Russell. Longmans, Green & Co.

TRAVEL AND TOPOGRAPHY.

WITH SKI AND SLEDGE, OVER ARCTIC GLACIERS. By Sir Martin Conway. J. M. Dent & Co.

A JOURNAL OF THE FIRST VOYAGE OF VASCO DA GAMA, 1497—1499. Translated and edited, with Notes, an Introduction, and Appendices, by E. G. Ravenstein, F.R.G.S. The Hakluyt Society.

FIVE YEARS IN SIAM. From 1891 to 1896. By H. Warrington Smyth. 2 vols. John Murray. 24s.

BLACK'S GUIDES: MATLOCK, DOVEDALE, AND CENTRAL DERBYSHIRE; BUXTON AND THE PEAK COUNTRY; BRIGHTON AND ENVIRONS; DEVONSHIRE; CORNWALL. A. & C. Black.

WARD, LOCK & Co.'s ILLUSTRATED GUIDES: THE ISLE OF WIGHT; ORAN, FORT WILLIAM, AND THE WESTERN HIGHLANDS; ILFRACOMBE, BARNSTAPLE, &c.; TORQUAY, PAIGNTON, DARTMOUTH, &c.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

MESSRS. J. M. DENT & Co. announce that they will issue North's *Pharos*, in 10 vols., in the "Temple Classics." In the same series they will issue this month Ben Jonson's *Discoveries*, edited by Israel Gollancz, More's *Utopia*, and Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*. In June Thackeray's *Esmond*, edited by Walter Jerrold.

In the "Temple Dramatists" this month will appear Fletcher's *Knight of the Burning Pestle*, edited by F. W. Moorman, Ph.D., and in June Otway's *Venice Preserved*.

In the series of "Lyric Poets" Browning will be the next volume.

MR. GRANT RICHARDS writes: "May I point out that Dr. Campbell Oman's *Where Three Creeds Meet* is 3s. 6d., and not 6s., as it was stated in your issue of May 14?"

It will interest many to learn that Vol. I. of the *English Dialect Dictionary*, published by Mr. Henry Frowde, is now completed by the issue of Part 5. This part contains the introductory matter for the whole volume. The Preface gives a full and interesting account of the origin and progress of the work from its very beginning. It has taken hundreds of people, in all parts of the United Kingdom, twenty-three years to collect the material for the dictionary.

MR. MARTIN A. BUCKMASTER has prepared a text-book on *Elementary Architecture*. This work is to have thirty-eight full-page illustrations, and it will be published by the Clarendon Press.

MESSRS. METHUEN'S LIST.

A HISTORY OF THE ART OF WAR. The Middle Ages, from the Fourth to the Fourteenth Century. By C. W. OMAN,

M.A., Fellow of All Souls', Oxford. Demy 8vo, Illustrated, 21s.

Mr. Oman is engaged on a History of the Art of War, of which the above, though covering the middle period from the Fall of the Roman Empire to the general use of gunpowder in Western Europe, is the first instalment. The first battle dealt with will be Adrianople (378) and the last Navaretta (1367). There will appear later a volume dealing with the Art of War among the Ancients, and another covering the 15th, 16th, and 17th centuries.

The book deals mainly with tactics and strategy, fortifications, and siegecraft, but subsidiary chapters will give some account of the development of arms and armour, and of the various forms of military organisation known to the Middle Ages.

THE EASTERN QUESTION IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY. By ALBERT SOREL of the French Academy. Trans-

lated by F. C. BRAMWELL, M.A., with an Introduction by R. C. L. FLETCHER, Fellow of Magdalen College, Oxford. With a Map. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

This book is a study of the political conditions which led up to and governed the first partition of Poland, and the Russo-Turkish War of 1769-1774. It is probably the best existing examination of Eastern European politics in the eighteenth century, and is an early work of one of the ablest of living historians.

THE EARLY PUBLIC LIFE OF WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE. By A. F. ROBBINS. With Portraits. Crown 8vo, 6s.

"The earlier years of Mr. Gladstone's political life stand out all the more finely, and leave a more enduring impression because of the absolute truthfulness and conscientiousness with which the record has been penned."—*Glasgow Herald*.

THE POEMS OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE. Edited, with an Introduction and Notes, by GEORGE WYNDHAM, M.P.

Demy 8vo, buckram, gilt top, 10s. 6d.

This edition contains the "Venus," "Lucrece," and Sonnets, and is prefaced with an elaborate introduction of over 140 pp.

"One of the most serious contributions to Shakespearian criticism that has been published for some time. Its publication assures to Mr. Wyndham an honourable place among men of letters."—*The Times*.

"Readers owe him a large debt of gratitude for showing them how Shakespeare's poems should be approached and studied, and for teaching them how books about him should be written."—*Athenaeum*.

"Mr. Wyndham's notes are admirable, even indispensable."—*Westminster Gazette*.

"The standard edition of Shakespeare's poems."—*World*.

"There is not a page that is not interesting, stimulating, the fruit of original thought and honest work."—*Outlook*.

THREE YEARS IN SAVAGE AFRICA. By LIONEL DECLE. With an Introduction by H. M. STANLEY, M.P. With 100

Illustrations and 5 Maps. Demy 8vo, 21s.

"It will take a permanent place among the very best books of travel. It combines solidity and liveliness, and carries the reader gaily through. A fine full book."—*Palmer's Gazette*.

"Abounding in thrilling adventures and hairbreadth escapes."—*Daily Telegraph*.

WITH THE MOUNTED INFANTRY AND MASHONALAND FIELD FORCE, 1896. By Lieut.-Colonel ALDERSON.

With numerous Illustrations and Plans. Demy 8vo, 10s. 6d.

"A clear, vigorous, and soldier-like narrative."—*Scotsman*.

"One of the most readable bits of military chronicle."—*Globe*.

"A very useful addition to the library of South African warfare."—*Morning Post*.

THE DECLINE AND FALL OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE. By EDWARD GIBBON. A New Edition, Edited, with Notes,

Appendices, and Maps, by J. B. BURY, M.A., Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin. In 7 vols. Demy 8vo, gilt top, 8s. 6d. each; crown 8vo, 6s. each. Vol. V.

THE GOLFING PILGRIM. By HORACE G. HUTCHINSON. Crown 8vo, 6s.

"Very pleasant reading—will charm all golfers."—*Times*.

"Without 'The Golfing Pilgrim' the golfer's library will be incomplete."—*Palmer's Gazette*.

"Full of useful information, with plenty of good stories."—*Truth*.

"We can recommend few books as better company."—*St. James's Gazette*.

THE MINISTRY OF DEACONESSSES. By Deaconess CECILIA ROBINSON. With an Introduction by the LORD BISHOP of

WINCHESTER and an Appendix by Professor ARMITAGE ROBINSON. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

THE LIBRARY OF DEVOTION.

Pott 8vo, 2s.; leather, 3s.

THE CHRISTIAN YEAR. By JOHN KEBLE. With Introduction and Notes by WALTER LOCK, D.D., Warden of Keble

College, Ireland Professor at Oxford.

THE CONFESSIONS OF ST. AUGUSTINE. Newly Translated, with an Introduction and Notes, by C. BIGG, D.D., late

Student of Christ Church.

THE IMITATION OF CHRIST. A Revised Translation with an Introduction, by C. BIGG, D.D., late Student of Christ Church.

Dr. Bigg has made a practically new translation of this book, which the reader will have, almost for the first time, exactly in the shape in which it left the hands of the author.

NEW NOVELS.

THE STANDARD BEARER. By S. R. CROCKETT, Author of "Lochinvar," "The Raiders," &c. Crown 8vo, 6s.

"A fascinating love-story."—*Glasgow Herald*.

"A delightful tale."—*Speaker*.

"Mr. Crockett at his best."—*Literature*.

"Of absorbing interest."—*Scotsman*.

THE CROOK OF THE BOUGH. By MENIE MURIEL DOWIE, Author of "A Girl in the Karpatisians," &c. Crown 8vo, 6s.

"Bright sayings are scattered liberally."—*Daily Mail*.

"An exceptionally clever and well-written book, subtle and thoughtful."—*Daily Telegraph*.

"We have not recently read any novel which yields such complete literary pleasure. Miss Dowie knows the Near East and writes of it with sympathy and imagination. One of the best stories that the present publishing season has produced."—*Westminster Gazette*.

A ROMANCE OF SPANISH WARFARE.

SONS OF ADVERSITY. By L. COPE CORNFORD, Author of "Captain Jacobus." Crown 8vo, 6s.

MISS ERIN. By M. E. FRANCIS. Crown 8vo, 6s.

"A clever and charming story."—*Scotsman*.

"Told with much force and sympathy."—*Westminster Gazette*.

"Perfectly delightful in its mingled humour, pathos, and human sympathy."—*Daily Mail*.

VAUSSORE. By FRANCIS BRUNE. Crown 8vo, 6s.

"A subtle, complete achievement."—*Palmer's Gazette*.

THE PHILANTHROPIST. By LUCY MAYNARD. Crown 8vo, 6s.

"A delineation of life in a large orphan asylum. The story has a strong love interest."—*Academy*.

"It contains many graphic sketches of the private life of a charitable institution."—*Glasgow Herald*.

CROSS TRAILS. By VICTOR WAITE. Crown 8vo, 6s.

"Every page is enthralling."—*Academy*.

"Mr. Waite's descriptive powers are of a high order."—*Daily Chronicle*.

"Full of strength and reality."—*Athenaeum*.

"There is real power in this book, as well as an abundance of exciting incident."—*Speaker*.

BIJLI THE DANCER. By JAMES BLYTHE PATTON. Illustrated. Crown 8vo, 6s.

"The story is powerful and fascinating."—*Palmer's Gazette*.

"A true and entrancing book."—*Country Life Illustrated*.

"A clever study of life in India."—*Yorkshire Post*.

A TALE OF WAR WITH SPAIN.

ACROSS THE SALT SEAS. By J. BLOUNDELLE-BURTON. Crown 8vo, 6s.

"A thoroughly excellent story."—*Daily Mail*.

"The very essence of the true romantic spirit."—*Truth*.

"An ingenious and exciting story."—*Manchester Guardian*.

"Will have a long life as a book of romantic adventure."—*Westminster Gazette*.

"Once you begin, you read every page."—*Palmer's Gazette*.

"A fine, exciting, and admirably told story."—*St. James's Budget*.

BETWEEN SUN AND SAND. By W. C. SCULLY, Author of "The White Hecatomb." Crown 8vo, 6s.

"A really interesting and romantic book."—*Scotsman*.

"The reader will find the interest of absolute novelty."—*Graphic*.

"Strong, simple, direct."—*Daily Chronicle*.

"The reader passes at once into the very atmosphere of the African desert; the inexpressible space and stillness swallow him up, and there is no world for him but that immeasurable waste."—*Athenaeum*.

"One of the most enthralling tales we have read in recent times."—*World*.

MESSRS. METHUEN'S CATALOGUE and NEW BOOK GAZETTE sent to any address.

METHUEN & CO., 36, Essex Street, Strand, W.C.